

THE
UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH 15, 1837.

UNIVERSALIST PREACHERS.---NO. I.

Original.

HOSEA BALLOU.

It will be the design of this and the succeeding essays, to furnish brief, though just descriptions of the characteristics of the PUBLIC PREACHING of some of the New England Universalist clergymen.

As it is not contemplated, so it must not be expected, that perfect or even tolerably correct *pictures* will be presented of those brethren who may pass under our general and rapid criticism. The most prominent features—the distinguishing characteristics only of the mind of each as manifested in the pulpit, will be marked out in these hasty sketches.

We commence then with the distinguished individual whose name stands at the head of this article. This worthy brother is now one of the most venerable men in the order ; and is universally admitted to be one of the most able defenders of the doctrine of impartial grace. And we think we are perfectly safe in asserting, that no one preacher in the denomination has exerted so powerful an influence in convincing the understanding of men, of the unsoundness and fallacy of religious creeds and orthodox opinions.

Commencing his labors in the ministry at a time when the minds of the religious community were altogether pre-occupied by the false theology and religion of the schools, it became his duty, not so much to defend his own sentiments, as to attack the opinions and sentiments of others. Perceiving clearly that the prevailing and popular religion, was inconsistent with itself, unscriptural, unfounded in nature, and contrary to enlightened reason and the best affections of the human soul, and that notwithstanding its exceptional character, it was clung to with the firm-

est tenacity both by the clergy and the people, he very justly concluded that before the good seed should be scattered upon the soil, the rank weeds and sturdy tares must first be rooted out. He therefore began, as a good husbandman always should begin under such circumstances, a work of extermination. The necessity of the case required that he should prosecute an offensive and vigorous war, and that it should be carried into the heart of the enemy's country.

Standing for a while a conspicuous champion and almost alone in a righteous contest against popular opinion and popular prejudice, and feeling the imperativeness of his duty to destroy error that truth might be established, it would be strange indeed, if, under such circumstances, a habit of opposition should not have been formed, which should continue as a trait in the character of the individual, and should be frequently exhibited after the necessity for direct and unremitting attacks on waning doctrines should have passed away. Opposition to orthodoxy is almost a constitutional feeling with Father Ballou. He seldom preaches a discourse, without stating, generally at the commencement, some one or more dogmas of the church, for the purpose of showing their unsoundness and absurdity ; and he accomplishes this with a degree of clearness and satisfaction, for which he has not his equal, certainly in this part of the American continent.

Mr. Ballou's sermons are always and entirely argumentative. He appeals almost exclusively to the reason and understanding of men ; and seldom succeeds when he attempts to awaken and excite the feelings. So addicted is he to the argumentative, that even his prayers are characterized by it.

In refuting the doctrines of an opponent, or in establishing his own positions, his arguments are principally drawn from the volume of inspiration,

The scriptures are his sword and his shield ; and no man can wield them to better purpose or more effect. His mind does not partake of the qualities of genius ; for he has evidently risen to his present eminence by severe and close application to the study of the bible. True he has been a close observer of mankind ; but then his sphere of observation has been the domestic and social. His discourses show that he is acquainted with man in his civil and political relations more from history than actual experience and observation. In illustrating his arguments, he generally draws upon scripture or profane historians, and as frequently upon the tender relations of the family and domestic circle.

In regard to natural and metaphysical philosophy, his discourses are not adapted to the wants and taste of the age. His attention has doubtless been too much absorbed with the progress of religious truth, to notice that both physical and mental science have been making equally rapid advances. In point of mere literary merit, Mr. Ballou's published and oral discourses are very far from deserving encomiums. Indeed he seems to be utterly reckless about the dress of his thoughts : truth—plain, simple, and unadorned, constitutes with him the all and the everything.

The correctness of his reasoning, and the entire absence of force, beauty, and even in many instances, correctness of language, make a prominent feature in his method of sermonizing. His manner of treating a subject is always interesting to any auditory. He never soars into mysticism, or ranges wide for his topics ; but 'sticking to his text,' he analyzes it with such ease and simplicity, that the hearer wonders that he himself did not before perceive the parts and divisions which are made to appear so clearly and so obviously.

Deliberate and self possessed in his delivery, sound in his premises, and clear in his demonstrations, his hearers perceive the conclusion before the argument is ended.

He never misrepresents the doctrines or the arguments of his opponents, or takes advantage of their mistakes, or attacks their weakest points. He assails the popular divinity at its base, and demolishes the edifice by tearing away its foundations. The arts of sophistry and logical chicanery he utterly despises ; and never avoids or wheels round a strong objection to his own opinions, but marches boldly up to it, and grap-

ples it with a giant's strength. Always going back to first principles in establishing an important doctrine, he never hesitates to admit all the consequences naturally and logically deducible from it. He is always understood, even by the humblest capacities ; and to those who love beauty of style, the closeness of his reasoning, and the fairness of his arguments, make ample amends for the deficiency in language, the absence of all rhetorical beauty, the graces of elocution, and the other et ceteras of finished oratory.

VERITAS.

Boston.

ALBUM TRIBUTES.—NO. VIII.

Original.

THE FLOWER OF PARADISE.

I SAW a flower, its seed was sown
Deep in the soil of earth ;
Its quickened germ felt life revive,
And sent its issues forth ;
Its stalk aspired—and many leaves
Were opened to the air—
I looked within their fairy bower,
And lo ! its bud was there ;—
I waited long to see it bloom,
To me it was not given,
For high it mounted on its stem,
And blossomed but for heaven.

That flower is Friendship—in its germ
'Tis planted here below,
And beauteous is its tender growth,
Mid human strife and woe ;
But, though its budding beauties here,
With pleasure we descry,
It aims for a maturer bloom,
In summer climes on high ;
For, while it finds its life on earth,
It lives but for the skies,
And, rising, like the star of eve,
Expands in paradise.

D. J. M.

BOOK OF ESTHER.

A HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. ALFRED PECK.

Original.

ESTHER iv. 16 : 'Go gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat or drink three days, night or day ; I also and my maidens will fast likewise ; and so I will go in unto the king, which is not according to law ; and if I perish, I perish.'

IMMINENT peril hung over the scattered and captive descendants of Abraham. No earthly

prospect or hope of deliverance presented itself. For although the king had power to rescue, his heart was untouched by the tender sympathies of humanity. Engaged in the affairs of his immense kingdom, he is shut up in the secret counsel chamber of his royal palace. And the law is established, that to enter that court, unbidden by the king, and disturb the prosecution of the affairs of state, is punishable with death. But one circumstance alone can prevent its execution; and that, dependant on the caprice—the undisturbed or irritated feelings of a tyrant; that he should voluntarily reach forth the golden sceptre, in token of permission. But the tender hearted and benevolent queen, meditates mercy and preservation for those unfortunate captives. Her mind is fixed. In behalf of humanity she resolves to hazard the royal displeasure—enter his court, and implore the king to spare her countrymen. Though in violation of a known law, she therefore declares: 'I will go in, unto the king; and if I perish, I perish.'

The facts presented in our text, and which we have thus endeavored in part to paraphrase, form a portion of the history contained in the book of Esther. The circumstances adumbrated, transpired in the kingdom of Persia. The king spoken of, is known in scripture by the name of Ahasuerus: in profane history, by the name of Xerxes. He ascended the throne, after that kingdom had been united with Media; and the Persian conquests had extended from India to Ethiopia, over a hundred and twenty and seven provinces; some 485 years before the birth of Christ. His palace was in the city of Shushan, which, according to the book of Daniel, was then the capital of Elam, on the river Ulai, which running southward, empties its waters into the Tigris, near the head of the Persian gulf. Though some suppose that this city is the present Shouster, the capital of Khusistan; yet the more probable conclusion is, that its site is now only pointed out, near 35 miles west, by hillocks of earth and rubbish, 'covered with broken pieces of brick and colored tile;' not less in extent than 12 miles from one extremity to the other: and like Babylon, an almost undistinguished heap of ruins, surrounded by a gloomy wilderness, infested with lions, hyenas, and other beasts of prey.

To display the riches of his extensive dominions, and the honor of his excellent majesty, Ahasuerus made a feast, of a hundred and eighty

successive days, to all his servants, princes and noblemen. At the close of this long period, seven days were set apart unto all the people present in his city. Exceedingly vain, and filled with wine, on the seventh day, the king would exhibit to the people and princes, the beauty of his fair queen: and for this purpose he sent his seven chamberlains to attend her, with the mandate, that in her royal apparel, she should appear before him. She refused her obedience to what, to her, seemed an unreasonable command. The king was wroth, and his anger burned in him. He advises with his seven confidential counselors; and according to their advice he resolves. Lest this indignity from his family, and contempt of his authority from his queen, should degrade him with the princes of state, and serve to reproach him through his vast realms, as unable to govern his household: and lest it should serve also as a precedent for the ladies of Media and Persia, to despise their husbands, and treat them with disobedience and disrespect; queen Vashti must be repudiated, and cast forth from the presence of the king, and her royal estate given to another that is better than she.

Let us interrupt the narrative by a reflection on the circumstances before us. While in the queen, we discover conduct, which always appears censurable, disrespect to her husband and head of her family: we must look to another source for the primary cause of the troubles in which the king is involved. We discover in the king, the natural results of intemperance and excess. Indulgence and excess of wine, inflate the heart with pride and vanity—give to the imagination unreal views of consequence and worth—distract one's apprehensions of propriety, and by rendering the passions irritable, destroy the tranquil flow of life; and end in discord, vexation and disgrace. Thus ended the extravagant indulgence, and too long continued merriment of Ahasuerus.

Appeased in his wrath and returned to sober reflection, he remembered with mingled emotions of tenderness, and sorrow, and regret, his loved Vashti, and the decree of divorce, which was registered in the records of the Medes and Persians. But around him are the pimps and flatterers of sovereign power, to prevent a reconciliation. And according to an eastern custom, they advise, that throughout his extensive realm, a choice selection of women shall be sought, from among whom the king may choose him

another queen. When brought together they were confined in the harem or king's seraglio. Waiting maids alone, with the exception of a few trusty chamberlains, were permitted, besides the king, to enter its chambers. According to the best historical accounts, there were 'bloody doings sometimes within these walls : and a world of people, said to die a natural death, are despatched with poison.' But the husband there, has an absolute authority, without being obliged to give account of his actions. And it is even a crime to be inquiring what passes within those secret recesses. From the chamberlains intelligence is rarely ever obtained. 'And a person may walk by the house a hundred days in succession, without knowing anything more what passes within the walls, than though at the farther end of the kingdom.'

But in pursuing the history before us, we find that a young lady residing in the city of Shushan by the name of Esther, a Jewess, had been selected and taken on account of her extraordinary beauty, for the above specified purposes. She was a descendant from the tribe of Benjamin. And having lost her parents, in the captivity of her countrymen, she had been brought up by Mordecai, her cousin. Though he had only adopted her as a daughter, through years of solicitude, and endearment, and affection, the relationship seemed to him as real. He loved her as his own life. In the wise providences of God, Esther gained the preference of the king, and obtained his kindness ; and was in due season made queen by a public feast, at which the royal crown was placed upon her head.

During the interim which thus elapsed, from the first separation of Esther from his house, and the consummation of her success and conjugal relationship to the king, 'Mordecai had walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what should become of her.' Faint as was his hope of success, prompted by fear of her safety, anxiety for her welfare, and desire of intelligence, he repeated day after day his perambulations, or lingering with moody melancholy, sat in the king's gate.

Miserable as his life had been to himself, and useless to his kind, he fortuitously discovered while at the place of his constant resort, a conspiracy between two of the chamberlains against the life of the king. He found means to communicate intelligence of this nature to the queen,

who with all haste certified it to the king in Mordecai's name. An inquisition was made into the matter, and when facts were substantiated, in gratitude to the vigilant and faithful informant, for the preservation of life, his name was registered in the chronicles of the king. Yet he received no promotion or compensation for the discovery of the treason.

In the bestowment of royal favor, Haman was promoted above all the princes and attendants at court : and the king commanded that his princes and servants should reverence Haman. But Mordecai was no sycophant, to fawn around the attendants on sovereign power ; and convinced of the hypocrisy of the specious and hollow hearted etiquette of the parasite ; and perhaps still more deeply convinced of the unworthy claims of Haman to adulation, with imperturbable muscle, and rigid brow, he sat pensive and moody ; and while all around was complacence and homage to this high lord, 'Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence.' But those who would purchase their welcome at the table of the rich, by mean condescensions, and servile flattery, informed this unworshipped lord of the indignity : and immediately his bosom was filled with a storm of unprincipled rage and relentless wrath. Mordecai was a Jew. He had violated the king's command to reverence this exalted prince. 'Haman thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone.' Condign punishment on this unworthy captive, was not sufficient to satisfy the spirit of revenge, which burned within the bosom of this elevated servant, and chief among the princes of Persia. Wherefore he resolved to destroy all the Jews, throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus.

Haman and his satellites immediately commence casting lots, which in their language is called *Pur* or *Purim*. It was probably not to satisfy his conscience, that the contemplated destruction was approved by heaven, that he cast lots, but to fix on the month and day, which should be the more lucky or fortunate for the execution of so great an enterprise. The time thus fixed upon, was the 13th of Adar, the 12th month of their sacred year, corresponding nearly with the first of our March. Haman then addressed himself to Ahasuerus ; 'There is a certain people scattered abroad, and dispersed among thy subjects throughout the provinces of thy kingdom ; their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king's laws, there-

fore, it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed; and I will pay into the king's treasuries ten thousand talents of silver.' And what does this charge, on which he asks the life of thousands, amount to? Simply this; that their laws were unlike those of other people. One alone out of their race, stands accused of an infraction of the king's commandment. And though he had falsely stated that they were of no profit to the king, yet he proposes to pay, to make up the deficiency of the revenue, ten thousand talents of silver from his own private funds, which, counted in Babylonish currency, amount to £2,119,000 sterling, but, reckoning the Jewish talents, more than twice that sum.

The king, deceived by the representation of this influential and wealthy prince, yielded to the petition; and gave him his ring, by which his patents and orders were sealed. Scribes were employed and letters written, duly sealed with the king's signet, and sent by posts or couriers to the governors of all the king's provinces, ordering that all the Jews, young and old, little children and women, should be killed on the day appointed.

Is the king an idiot? And are his counsellors but madmen? There is something so abhorrent—something so different from the modern customs of civilized nations, in Haman's proposed destruction of the Jewish people, 'that the mind of the reader when perusing it, is alarmed into hesitation, if not into incredulity.' Yet the shade can hardly be thought too deep, to exhibit the character in its moral bearings, of so heartless, jealous, and vain a tyrant. But instances not dissimilar in point of cruelty, may be gathered from the history of nations. And alas! of what extravagance and cruelty, are not despotism and tyranny capable?

But in reflecting on this circumstance, we may learn how unreasonable is revenge. Never satisfied with moderate remunerations, or the infliction of justice, however painful; but like envy, it delights itself with groans and misery, and feasts itself with blood. The offence against Haman, is the withholding a common courtesy, a bow, in token of respect. From one deemed so low and despicable as Mordecai, a base captive, it could be worth but little. Yet to gratify the fiendish revenge of his soul, he would sacrifice nearly \$10,000,000, in federal coin—redde[n] with human gore, a hundred and twenty and

seven provinces, and cause a whole people to perish. So, whoever would revenge an injury, or an insult, betrays weakness of judgment in the estimation of things—sacrifices principle to the caprice of passion, and renders himself more unworthy than the object of his hate.

To be continued.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

MR. EDITOR: As I was deeply engaged, a few evenings since, in the perusal of an ancient and truly excellent book—so excellent, that it is almost universally considered the gift of the Fountain of all excellence—my mind was forcibly struck with an account therein contained, of an Universalist meeting, which occurred about eighteen hundred years ago, on the salubrious and delightful plains of Judea. Although the excellent book to which I refer, is accessible to all, yet it may not be wholly uninteresting to your readers, to have a brief description of this glorious meeting appear in your useful and highly interesting magazine.

Let us, first, describe the *congregation*. It was composed of a few shepherds, who were silently 'watching their flocks by night.' They were quietly seated upon 'Nature's green velvet carpet;' and above their heads, stretching far and wide, was the beauteous canopy of heaven, bespangled with a thousand stars. Around them, the gentle dew was dispensing its mild and invigorating influence, causing the withered plant to lift its head 'in newness of life,' and gradually infusing into the languishing herbage new energy and strength—a fit and beautiful emblem of the effect upon the hearts of men, of that heaven born doctrine, which was soon to be proclaimed.

Anon, the *Preacher* appeared, clothed in the habiliments of light. He was an inhabitant of heaven—an angel that came, obsequious to the sacred behest of the most high God; he approached, encircled by a brilliant manifestation of the 'glory of the Lord,' which shone round about these simple shepherds, and they were afraid. All unsophisticated as they were, no wonder they were terrified at the unwonted splendor that surrounded them, and filled the place. But the angel preacher saw their fear—felt for their distress, and he hastened to relieve it.

'Fear not,' he cried—yes, thus his sermon begun—'for behold, I bring you good tidings of

great joy, which shall be to *all people*. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.'

Enrapturing discourse! celestial tidings! And, Oh what eloquence, what sublime, what heaven-born eloquence! No terrific, no horror-inspiring description of eternal pains comes, harsh grating upon the ear; but, in the silver tones of love, and in 'strains sweet as angels use,' drops the soothing sound, 'Fear not!' We hear no dread announcement of endless wrath, burning in the breast of a vindictive God; we hear no frightful representation of the final closing of the doors of mercy against a great portion of mankind; we hear no horrid portrayal of the groans and cries wrung from the inmates of the imaginary abodes of despair; but softly, sweetly, eloquently, from angel lips, escapes the announcement of joy, of peace, and of hope! 'Fear not,' that heavenly preacher cried, 'for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!'

Immediately following the discourse, was sung an anthem—and such an anthem! 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.' The choir, like the preacher, were messengers from heaven,—just from the seats of bliss. Their voices were sweetly tuned to 'the praise of God and the Lamb.' Of course, we hear no discordant tones; no strains of terror; no sad lamentations; no chanting forth the horrors of endless woe. 'Tis all praise—all joy—all gladness. The preacher proclaims 'great joy to all people,' and the celestial choristers wake the heavenly strains of music, singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.' No jarring—no discord; the sermon and the anthem sprang from one source, were inspired by one spirit—the spirit of impartial, warm, unconquerable love.

With this anthem, the meeting closed. The sweet strains, waked by 'the heavenly host,' died gently upon the ear; and all was still. The celestial preacher and his attendant angels left the abodes of men; and the rejoicing shepherds, now the recipients of blissful tidings, proceeded on the way to Bethlehem, to see the infant Savior who is to take away the sin of the world.

And now, dear reader, if you wish to peruse the *original* account, and I hope you do, please take that blessed, that thrice blessed book, which is sometimes very appropriately called 'the great Universalist book,' and turn to the second chap-

ter of the gospel as recorded by the evangelist Luke; and you will there find a sublime description of this glorious meeting. Read it without prejudice, and you will discover, sweetly breathing in every line, the spirit of that blissful doctrine, which inculcates love towards all, and a world's salvation.

T.

Warren, R. I.

THE RESURRECTION.

Original.

1 COR. xv. 43: 'It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.'

THE resurrection was the theme of Paul's delight. For the doctrine of the resurrection, which he continually proclaimed, he was 'called in question.' For the resurrection he was persecuted and suffered. And in the bright hope and belief of the resurrection he died. But this doctrine, which the Savior substantiated as truth, and which Paul taught as the gospel of God, had its peculiar and glorious characteristics. Never had the fancy of mortal allowed itself to rove to such an Elysium of delight, as that which the doctrine of the resurrection, promulgated by the Savior and his apostles, presented to its view. It contained the centre of all hope, and burned in all the brilliancy of living truth. Like the sun, when first it flashed upon the darkness of chaotic matter, this glorious doctrine shone upon the mental sense of the benighted mind. It illumined the inmost recess of the slumbering soul, and awoke it to thought, life and gladness. And it blazed like the heralding beam of morning, through the mists of death's cold, darkling night.

The doctrine of the resurrection tells us that we shall live forever. Forever? There is a sublimity in that word! Forever? What a reflection to death-subjected humanity! Can our most exalted faculties comprehend it? Well may that event, which is to confirm to us an unwaning perpetuity of existence, of all blest reflections be the most blessed! Well may the feelings of the inward man sing the eternal lullaby of wakeful woe, when such a prospect is continually brightening before it! Ah! Death, even when it is boasting of its power and its sting, is completely disarmed, and made to usher in that morn which is to rise upon the fading wrecks of his crumbled throne.

Yet, it is not altogether the thought that we shall live forever, which renders the resurrection a theme of so much interest. It is not solely the reflection, that, in the issue of that event, a perpetual being is to be ours, that clothes the conceptions of the gladdened soul with so exuberant a joy! No! life—yea—life *eternal* may be ours hereafter, but that life, like the apostle's 'joy,' is 'full of glory.' 'It is,' says our text, 'sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.'

And now we may ask, What is this glory that makes this subject so all inspiring? And lo! a beam from its own inexhaustible fount of splendor, hath shed its sunlight over the response—INCORRUPTION! Here is the magic which winds itself around the resurrection! Here is the very gem from whence radiates that wondrous lustre which surrounds and decks it.

The mind, as it surveys the present lot and experience of mankind—as it views the evils which are rife in the world—as it looks upon the sin and sorrow which abound in the earth—and beholds man a frail and finite being—an erring and suffering creature, loves to find some pleasant spot on which to fix its wearied gaze. And as the blinded traveller turns from the glittering expanse of snow, and finds relief from some spot of exposed soil, or as the desert bird flies from the open plain, to the shelter of its oasis, so does the mind delight to turn from the scenes of earth, and find rest and refreshment in contemplating the resurrection.

Yes, this is the one green and sunny spot, to which the mental eye can turn and find delight. This is that, which, though the darkness of death envelopes its vestibule, will at last afford rest and peace. And hope loves to plume her starry wings and describe in her silver song its beauties. And faith hovers o'er its glistening fields, and catching upon its plumage, some of its shining radiance, reflects it back to earth, to enlighten the wastes of life.

Paul, in the chapter from whence the text is taken, had been comparing the resurrection to the operation of vegetation. He had supposed a query, in which some man would say, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' His answer is, 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other grain. But God giveth it a body as hath pleased him, and to seed his own body.'

Thus, in the first place, it is perceived that man, or his earthly existence, is analogized by a seed, which the sower places in the ground, and leaves to spring up in its proper time. And how glorious the reflection, that when this body—this frail frame of ours, is stiffened with the rigidity of death's unsparing grasp, its body contains within itself a germ, which shall ultimately put forth its powers, and open in all the brilliancy of an eternal bloom. How blissful to reflect, that though we may have consigned those who were endeared, and by the cords of affection bound to our hearts, they have but faded into their silent rest, to spring forth again, and awaken to a renewed and immortal vigor. Blessed—thrice blessed be the hope that brings such comfort to the heart!

The apostle, after illustrating the resurrection by this similitude, proceeds, in the next order, to describe more particularly the character of the seed which is sown. He says, 'It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' Here we have a full, and explicit account of the character of the seed when sown, and also a statement of its nature when raised, or more appropriately perhaps, under the similitude which we are now using, when vegetated.

Our text, however, confines us to the consideration of one particular point in the character of the seed when sown. 'It is sown in dishonor.' There is nothing more humbling to the natural pride of man, than a sense of his natural infirmities. When he looks around him, and views himself as one exalted over every other earthly being in relation to his nature and the gifts of his nature—when he beholds himself as one to whom his Creator hath given 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth,' he feels—inwardly and sensitively feels, the degrading influence of the infirmities of his nature. And one of these infirmities is death. Mankind have, naturally, an elevated idea of their own powers, and heirdom. There is that within man which teaches him that he is to live forever. He delights, he revels in the thought. It is the sunlight of his existence—the light which kindles that flame upon the altar of hope, which cheers him through life's desert way. Revelation teaches him this glorious

truth, and it is hailed with a high-born ecstasy.

Yet, for himself, man had *not* rather attain to this glorious event, through death. He, had the choice been granted him, would have chosen some other path than that afforded by the decline and decay of his powers. Yes, death has, instinctively a terror for him. He gazes upon the silent lineaments of the deceased—the fire of life is extinguished. The loveliness which was playing in those features, when they were animated with the sparkling lights of existence, is now faded—the beauty which once shown with lustre there—is wan. And the gazer feels that the man is humbled, and a sense of his own liability comes keenly over him.

It is this, which, though perhaps unconsciously, is a cause of our sorrow for the departed. It is indeed a mournful reflection to us, that the place which has known them shall know them no more,—that no longer shall the voices which have once cheered us, come sweetly and pleasantly to our ears—that the smile which once illumined the now calm and rigid countenance before us, shall glisten there no more,—that our friends—our loved ones have gone, never more to return to us! It is indeed a solemn and sorrowful thought, and comes with a silent sadness upon the depths of our bereft spirits. Yet, this reflection is not all which constitutes and creates our grief. There is another which mingles in with the tide of our feelings; and that is, that those who lie in a last and silent slumber, are no longer to us what they were.

We had once, perhaps, a friend—a dear and cherished friend. Love lit his countenance—affection filled his heart. Joy was wont to beam in his eye, with its expressive fervor, and glisten sympathetically in ours, as we approached each other to give and return the kindly greeting. And how often are parents called to mourn the loss of a beloved child; bound to their hearts by all the cords of parental love, they have watched the opening bud with a constant care—they have guarded it from the cold and unwelcome blasts of life with an unceasing protection—have hailed with joy the expansion of the growing mind, and nursed and nourished, in their new born vigor, the seeds of its virtue and affection. But their care, alas! was of no avail,—the embryo blossom sank beneath the blight of the fell destroyer, and the laughing features o'er which they fondly loved to ponder, faded 'neath the pallid hues of death.

But, is it the fact, that they for whom we mourn are lost to us on earth, which solely creates our grief? No! did we fully realize that they are gone to another and a happier sphere, our grief would lose in a degree its poignancy, and a sweet, a soothing, a hallowed consolation would beam in and chase away the sadness of our inner man. But, our affections, with their kindly eye, have been wont to view and wrap themselves around the *form*, and, the *features* of those who have passed into the silent shades of death. We have delighted to trace the smile which was wont to play over those features—we have loved to mark the joy which lived in that eye, which is now closed in a dull and dreamless sleep; and, when at last sickness had paled the cheek whose bloom in the hour of health has gladdened our spirits, long and anxiously have we revived our drooping hope with the thought, that that bloom might again return and bring renewed vigor to the wasted frame.

Long and anxiously we have watched, indeed, but, the light of the eye has nevertheless dimmed—the smile of the countenance has waned, and the bloom of the cheek has faded in the darkness and the pallor of death. And we have almost felt, while we have gazed upon the pallid and mouldering frame before us, that the friendship and affection that once dwelt there, were desecrated by their affinity to such corruption. Once we were proud of the living beauty of the form now decaying in death, but we find that death, has cut down, destroyed, and as it were dishonored that which was our boast. And, while our feelings and affections had wreathed themselves around the personal and outward graces, whereon was reflected the purity of the mind, our sorrow has vented itself at the thought that those graces were despoiled by the hand of corruption. There is something repulsive in the reflection which obtrudes itself upon the heart, that, that upon which perhaps we doted, was but of the dust, and must inevitably return 'to dust as it was.' We would have clasped the dear object forever to our bosoms, and viewed its beauties with an ever new delight, but, experience has told us of its frailty, and taught us that our love was placed upon that which was 'of the earth, earthy.' And, while we mourn for its loss, we also bewail that infirmity which has lost it unto us.

But death is not the only frailty to which man is subject. In connexion with this, there are

other weaknesses which are consequent upon his nature as an earthly creature, whose principles unite to constitute that dishonor in which his nature is sown. Sin, is one of the infirmities to which mankind are subject—one of the glaring deformities of the human nature. Look where we may in society, and upon whatsoever individual, and we find man a weak, erring creature, prone to be led into, and give way to the temptations which beset his path, and constantly liable to transgress those laws to which his Creator has subjected him. We behold this historically and fully exemplified in our first parents. They were placed in a blooming Eden, where there was nought but that could delight the eye, and gratify the taste. Pleasure reigned around them, and unalloyed bliss was their portion in their innocent and happier hours. But they were tempted to a rebellion against that command, obedience to which was the hereditary source of all their enjoyment. They trespassed upon the law of their Creator—they put the cup of guiltiness to their lips,—its appearance was inviting, but bitter were the ingredients of which it was composed; and bitter to them were the consequences of their unwise and injudicious indulgence.

Their joys all withered beneath the blighting influence of their sin. The pleasures which had hitherto lighted the steps of their existence fled from their presence and their home. Guilt had stamped its impress on their brow—had branded itself as with a scorching iron upon their minds—had blackened the sunny skies of their former pure enjoyment, and blasted their fairest and fondly cherished hopes. They shrunk from a communion with that God, which in their times of innocence had been their delight, and fled, abashed and with stricken spirits from his smile, the light of whose countenance had been daily their expectation and delight. Darkness brooded over their thoughts, and the Eden of their birth and guiltlessness, like the 'baseless fabric' of some bright and enrapturing vision, melted into air away. Sinful they lived, and sinful they died, and the dust which had composed their mortal frame, has mingled with its native element, as though it had found there comparative purity and rest.

And in the infirmity and experience of our progenitors, we can trace those of the whole human family. The children partake in an essential degree of the characteristics of their parents. 'The first man,' says Paul, in the con-

nexion of our text, 'is of the earth, earthy *** and as is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy.' And again, speaking of the moral consequence of sin, he says, 'Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned.' And in the same connexion, 'By one man's disobedience many were made sinners.'

Thus, all men are alike contaminated with the dishonoring influence of a frail disposition. And we cannot, upon looking around the world, or even to our own hearts, forbear giving this fact the honor due to an established truth. Wherever we turn our eyes, we find man subjected to the errors of an infirm nature. We behold a fellow creature going down to the tomb, laden with the same liabilities; and, though we may record his many virtues upon our memory and our hearts, the reflection is linked with our every feeling, that there rests a mortal.

'The sting of death,' says the apostle, 'is sin;' and in two senses it is peculiarly so. Man, as he approaches the last stage of his existence, as the shadows of death darken over his heart, and gather round the light of his being, is naturally prone to look backward upon the path of his being, and retrace every onward step which memory hath freshened to his view. Then it is, that the sins of his past existence rise up in judgment before him. He sees that he has been an erring creature, ever prone to stray from the sunny fold of virtue. He sees that he has been led, like a wandering sheep, from the pasture of his guardian Shepherd.

O! would that man, in his last and dying moments, might have the pleasant smiles of a life devoted to virtue to shine with gladness upon his spirit. But it is not so. His past deviation, and even his *liability* while lying at the gates of death, wander over his mind like the vapors which enshroud the skies in gloom. Well might Paul say that 'the sting of death is sin,' and well may man, as he pauses on the confines of the tomb, and casts the vision of his remembrance backward, exclaim—'The sting of death is sin.'

And this sting of the fell destroyer is that which pains with its keenness the breast of friendship, and imparts its sharpest agony to the spirit of love. How often has parental affection been called to weep over the follies and vices of a beloved child, which follies and vices have brought this object of that affection to an untimely

ly and miserable end. How often has a mother's fervent love, or a father's deep and manly feelings, been called to vent themselves in an agonizing sorrow, over the death of a son endeared to their hearts, notwithstanding his dereliction from the path of rectitude! Ah! his wilfulness and criminality have brought disgrace to his name, and blight to his existence, and they who have nourished and protected his infancy, inwardly and severely feel the shame and pang of both. And the bitterness of that erring child's reflections in his last moments, as well as the tears of parental sorrow, and the anguish of parental feeling, for his downfall and death, amply confirm to us the verity of the apostolic testimony, that 'the sting of death is sin.'

Indeed, when we look around us, and within us, to the frailties of earthly nature—when we review the past scenes of our own life, and reflect upon the course and experience of every past age of the world, and recall the death and infirmities of all who have passed the boundaries of this life before us, the truth seems indelibly stamped upon our thoughts, that human nature is indeed 'sown in dishonor.' The verity of the first clause of our text seems amply substantiated; and every spot of soil which contains the ashes of our forefathers, from the first age of the world, seems to reiterate its testimony, and to say, 'it is sown in dishonor.'

But shall our minds pause and ponder here? Shall we stand and gaze upon this gloomy and unpleasant picture, when our eyes can turn to a brighter and far more blissful prospect? No! let the believer in death's cold and eternal sleep, pause here if he will; truth has a more glorious field for our hope—awakened vision! Let him who recognizes no God and no resurrection, nor immortal state, sit in a silent dejection, and brood with a morbid apathy o'er the unbroken slumbers of the tomb, if he will,—let him reflect on the truth that human nature has been and 'is sown in dishonor,' if he will, and without looking farther, rest satisfied if he can; but as for ourselves we *will not* pause, contented to gaze upon this gloomy picture.

The magic hand of truth hath already changed it. The glooms of its darkness are already fading, and the hues—the brilliant hues of beauty and of gladness are even now occupying their places. The skies of faith beam in their native and genial glory through the clouds of despondency which had wrapped them in their shad-

ows; yea, and we can discern the glowing shores of immortality assuming their natural and most delightful aspect.

'It is raised in glory.' So says the text, and Hope, and Faith, and Reason, unite to re-echo the sentiment to the inmost depths of the spirit. And O! how blind—how dormant must be that mind, that can dwell upon the first truth established in our text, and confine its attention solely to that, nor let thought, nor conscience even whisper the consolations of the second. What a boundless, what an indescribable bliss is lost to such a mind by this unaccountable apathy. Dark, gloomy, and lonesome, must be each feeling, and the dreariness of despair must reign, the unwelcome monarch of every thought. Hope can have no brightness—faith no existence and no bliss for a mind so lost, and a spirit so apathetic.

While the text after stating the fact that the human nature 'is sown in dishonor,' establishes the truth, that 'it is raised in glory,' it is plain to every sense, that this glory is put in direct contradistinction to the 'dishonor' first mentioned. Consequently, the 'dishonor' in which our nature is sown, cannot be that 'glory' in which it is raised. They are placed in opposition to each other. The one is the subject of an unpleasant reflection to us, and the other of a high and a burning hope, which is as an 'anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.'

The ingredients of the dishonor in which our nature is sown, are the infirmities of our physical and moral natures, which are sin and death. These are the constituents of that which sheds a blight over our nature and name. These are they over which we, and our friends and kindred mourn. And how blissful to us is the promise, that though our nature sleeps in its frailties, it shall awaken to the light and blessedness of an immortal exemption. There are, indeed, some who would steal all the brightness and bliss of this hope from our hearts, and turn its influences upon the rejoicing spirit into the darkness of doubt and dread. They would fain have us believe, that sin and death will be so far from being removed and destroyed at the resurrection, that that event will only confirm their existence, and plunge a great portion of mankind into a state of interminable misery.

But the text says not so. It teaches that 'it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.' And if the endless continuance of that dishonor

which our nature is sown, may be termed *glory*, then I can consistently acknowledge the justice of the views just mentioned. But the hope of the human heart revolts from this view—the feelings of the soul shudder at its contemplation, and the common sense of the veriest child would never—*never* acknowledge that the perpetuity of dishonor would constitute glory.

And moreover, the scriptural representation of the resurrection, is decidedly opposed to such soul chilling sentiments as those just noticed. The Savior represented men in the resurrection as being 'equal to the angels of God in heaven.' And Paul, while treating upon the resurrection of the dead, in the connexion of the text, says: 'For Christ must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.' He did not teach that those enemies which had dishonored the nature of man while on earth, were to rise to a perpetual and triumphant reign, and thus constitute the glory of the immortal state!

No! no! Christ 'must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.' 'And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.' We have said, in the course of these remarks upon our text, that *incorruption* was the glory of the resurrection; and O! may our thoughts dwell and revel upon that word, and our hearts feed upon its bliss till indeed we shall be called to realize its brightness.

The faith of the author of our text was firm and unshaken, without even the shadow of a doubt. He expressed his opinion fully in the motto which we have chosen to guide our reflections at this time. He realized and felt the truth of the sentiment which he expressed. 'It is,' said he, 'sown in dishonor;' and so certain was he, that that it should also be raised in glory, that the event appeared to him as already realized, and he exclaimed in the fullness of a triumphant faith, 'it is raised in glory.'

O! may his spirit—his hope—his faith—his exalted rapture, be the blessed portion of each of our readers, yea, of the whole human race. And may we fully realize, that 'this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' And when at last we are called the way of all flesh, while faith tunes our hearts to the song of 'O! death, where is thy victory? O! grave, where is thy victory?' may we though we realize that our nature 'is sown

in dishonor,' exclaim in the influence of hope and joy, and re-echo the sentiment with our latest breath: 'It is raised in glory!'

Westbrook, Me.

D. J. M.

TO **** *

(Original.)

I OWED to thee a poet's gift,
Upon thy bridal eve,—
A gentle lay, or sonnet brief,
Such as the heart might weave,
When pleasant are the thoughts within,
And happy forms are near,
And softest strains, from music's voice,
Fall sweetly on the ear.

But since is gone that busy eve,
When thoughts came crowding fast,
As hope to future days rushed on,
And mem'ry brought the past,—
Perchance that you will listen now
More thoughtful to my song,
Than if its notes came to thine ear
When thou wert 'mid the throng.

O lady! when I saw thee decked
Again to be a bride,
And saw the little cherub one
Stand smiling by thy side,
I thought of him who was thy first,—
The tear came in mine eye,—
For why was he, while hope was strong,
So early doomed to die?

And then I thought how soon might fade
The brightness from thy brow,
And paleness visit those fair cheeks
So healthful blooming now,—
And all that love, or care for thee,
Assemble round thy bier,
To bid farewell to ONE MORE GONE,
And drop a parting tear.

But you will say, 'Dark are such thoughts,
Unfit a bridal room!
That thoughts of death in such a place,
Would fill the heart with gloom.'
It may be so—but I forget
The purpose of my song,—
It was to wish thee peace and joy,
Be thy life short, or long.

East Cambridge.

B*.

THE joys of earth must be spiced with harsh vicissitude for their preservation and improvement. A proof of their temporal nature!

HILLS AND MOUNTAINS.

Original.

'Mountains are poetic; for the avalanche rests on their summit, and rushing fires burn within their bosom; clouds sit upon their sides,—the burnished clouds,—and the rainbow fastens itself to their tree tops.'

KNICKERBOCKER.

Who does not love the hills and mountains? The rock-ribbed hills—the shrubless mountain peaks? Nature is there, in her exulting wildness and grandeur; the spirit of freedom holds its reign there—far from the din of the crowded city, and the lonely dwelling of the valley—in gladness and joy! No works of human invention are there. The hand of the great Architect gave form and majestic comeliness to those everlasting brows and summits, and 'his work is perfect.' The supreme skill of the all-wise Maker, places far beneath the puny efforts of the creature, man.

See that cluster of pines. What a dark aspect it wears—and who knows but the wolf and panther are watching in its lonely shade the steps of some solitary wanderer. How those few aged and almost limbless ones rise upward above the rest, and point their withered arms to the heavens beneath which they have grown old in years. How many howling winds have they heard—how many storms encountered! There are the hemlocks too—those grandsires of the forest. The old Indian chief compared himself to one of these. 'I am an aged hemlock. The winds of eighty winters have whistled through my branches.' What an eloquent comparison! There too is the stately oak—the sweet maple—but—why enumerate the trees of the hills—the mountain giant kings and their subjects, who stand and make obeisance only to the whirlwind and storm!

Look at those ridges of rock—those crags and fearful precipices. How they seem to sleep in the sunlight, as frowning lions of the sky, looking darker as the shadows deepen, and the clouds flit over them, and the winds come. They will not awake, however, unless the foundations give way beneath them, and they tumble with the avalanche to the plain. Then how terrific the roar of their voices!

Ages on ages have rolled away, and still they have looked forth on the great creation unscathed, unaffected. Kingdoms have arisen—fallen—disappeared; youth in its loveliness and glee—manhood in its vigor—age in its tomb-like aspect, have looked upon their everlasting faces—and then gone down to dust.

'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling'—

The painter who would sketch the glories of earth and heaven with his pencil—the philosopher of measured words—the lover in ecstasy—the friend who had felt the viperous sting of ingratitude—the happy peasant of the valley—the crooked and perverse politician—the anxious and plodding statesman—the daring warrior—all have beheld those rocky, storm daring 'heads and fronts unbared'—and have passed away, while the hills remained. Poor mutable man; how he perishes in the midst of the other more durable works of his Maker! * * *

To stand among the hills, and see the ocean, is a sight worthy of praise for its enjoyment. You are above that ocean,

—'Strongest of creation's sons;
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired—
Rolling the wild, profound, eternal base
In nature's anthem!'

It cannot reach you, let it rage and strive ever so fiercely; it may make the grave of the trembling mariner—but the inhabitant of the hill looks on the fearful burial, unmoved with fears that his shall be a tomb in the wide, wide sea. He stands on the brow of time, and looks out on eternity. How awfully sublime the prospect! Let him think of the grandeur of God, as the voices of creation salute him there, and see if he realizes that question of old—'The thunder of his power who can understand?'

But, to the mountain top far from the great waters—in the inland world—where the sail of commerce hath not been seen, and the merchant's tread on the deck of his 'just arrived,' cannot be heard; where nature dwells in all the wildness of her youthful morning; where the streams leap exultingly free down the winding avenues beneath—and the 'trees clap their hands'—and the mountain eagle soars higher, and screams more loudly in his airy freedom—to go up there and worship—what a feast—what a banquet to the soul! Call it not visionary, till thou hast sought such devotion. It is a reality too nearly allied to heaven, to be comprehended by him who will not think deeply—intensely. It is THE TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS; and he who would worship the God of eternity, can there suitably prepare himself for the more than mortal audience. What then is earth in its littleness, beneath, and its myriads swarming in pleasantness and wrath, in joy and pain? 'Less than nothing and vanity.' The skies are strewn

ed outward, and onward, and upward, even to the dwelling place of angels far beyond the unfathomable blue; those spirits of a happier sphere seem hovering around in celestial loveliness, and whispering of glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived—in the presence of Him who dwells 'in the light which no man can approach unto'—the light of eternity. Heavens! How the soul swells and expands in the

'Prospect immense spread out on all sides round.'

It cannot be chained down to the sod. It has reached a pinnacle of glory, and goes off in its love to realms unknown, and seeks communion with intelligences, whose knowledge is bounded only by Him who knoweth all things!

To return to earth. We are so in love with hills and mountains, that should we give full freedom to imagination, our discourse thereon might have no end. The reader must understand that we are not alone in our admiration for such soul inspiring scenery. So we shall present him with a few good things from others, to profit for the barrenness of our own poor meditations. Here comes a burst from the pen of Croly, on mountain scenery. It is found in his 'Salathiel.'

'Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon was like night in the conflict of the billows and the storm that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralyzed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast with death; the sky vaulted with gloom; the earth a furnace. But with me, the mountain—in tempest or in calm, the throne of the thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipt in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations:—there stands magnitude giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur that defies decay—antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use, exhausted for the service of man—strength, imperish-

able as the globe;—the monument of eternity,—the truest earthly emblem of that everlasting, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom and for whom all things were made!'

Let us have another from D'Israeli's 'Contarini Fleming.'

'There is something magical in the mountain air. My heart is light, my spirits cheerful; every thing is exhilarating. I am in every respect a different being to what I am in lowlands. I cannot even think: I dissolve into a delicious reverie, in which every thing occurs to me without effort. Whatever passes before me, gives birth in my mind to a new character, a new image, a new train of fancies. I sing, I shout, I compose aloud, but without premeditation, without any attempt to guide my imagination by my reason. How often, after journeying along the wild mule track, how often on a sunny day have I suddenly thrown myself upon the turf, revelled in my existence, and then, as hastily, jumped up and raised the wild birds with a wilder scream.'

Again, we find a most gorgeous array of ideas in the combining of mountain and valley scenery in Italy, by Griffin.

'It was on the morning of our leaving Turin, I had a better view of the magnificent scenery with which it is surrounded. Starting at six, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked, of course, for the mountains. Far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red, which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they had caught the beams of the day. By and by their color warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As the morning advanced, a red hot glow succeeded; and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western section, lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. In the eastern horizon, the golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent back ground, against which were relieved the towers of Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighboring hills. Soon their aspect was again changed, the mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight gray. The mountains themselves, in their whole vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire—iron in the furnace could not have glowed with an intenser red, than did those stupendous masses in the rays of morning; never

did I witness a scene of such overwhelming magnificence—a wall of fire as extensive as half the circumference; its battlements, towers and pyramids, shooting upwards into heaven, while the bases of the mountains were clothed in vapor, and the valley was pervaded with the gray mist of twilight. Against this brilliant background, the distant town, the majestic river, and the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought tears into my eyes, and closed my lips in silent delight.

Who now can blame us for bringing our feelings into communion with such as are here expressed? It is a luxury which cannot be too highly prized. So we shall never wonder at a love for hills and mountains. Byron was right when he said—'High mountains are a feeling.' A FEELING! They are, indeed. We realize too when in the way of these conceptions inspired by mountain scenery, the beauty of many a scripture comparison—such, for instance, as 'How beautiful upon the *mountains* are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' How elevated the idea of a gospel messenger! Again; 'The *mountain* of the Lord's house shall be established in the *top of the mountains*, and shall be exalted above *the hills*; and all nations shall flow unto it.' Here is represented the ultimate glory of the Zion of our God. It was on *the mount* where Jehovah revealed himself through Moses to Israel; when the divine Majesty was displayed in solemnity overpowering and sublime; and where the sight was 'so terrible that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake!' It is *Mount Zion*, the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—to which the sons of Adam are invited under the gospel dispensation—and it is this dispensation which will yet cause even 'the hills to rejoice'—the mountains to 'break forth into singing'—and earth to be filled with thanksgiving and the voice of melody!

Courteous reader, I will relieve thee; therefore join with me in saying—God's blessings on the hills and mountains.

J. G. A.

Claremont, N. H.

AN INCIDENT.—FROM MY DIARY.

Original.

It was near the close of the last autumn—a season when the fading foliage gives pensiveness to the aspect of nature, and disposes the mind to sensations at once the most serious and pleasing, that I was travelling through one of the eastern

villages in New Hampshire. It was a populous village, noted for its beautiful and romantic scenery. Around lay the artificial groves and country seats of its wealthy inhabitants, which gave great variety and rich grandeur to its appearance. The sun had sunk behind the tops of the trees which skirted the western horizon, his glimmering light still reflected upon the fading verdure which carpeted the landscape, while the fleecy clouds which veiled the east, glowed in the smile of his last beams, when I strolled out to delight myself with the scenery, and give myself up to my own meditations. I strayed to an elevated mound, which had been appropriated as a burial place for the more noted citizens of the place. Never shall I forget this hour so calm and pensive, with a scene around me so delightful:—

'Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing,
Upon a little summit that gently rose:'

I traced the various tokens of friendship recorded on the monuments erected over the dead, and could not but reflect on the depth of that affection which dwells in the sensitive heart for those who have in affliction's hours wept with us, and mingled in our happy moments, until they became the only objects from which beamed any rays of joy or delight. How many have followed and deposited here all from which life had its charm! And how many tears have here been shed warm from the soul, in the silent hours of evening, when nought but the night wind which breathed around them, witnessed the grief of the sorrowing.

As I strolled upon the graveled walks which led from one tomb to another, suddenly I saw a tall female figure veiled in deep mourning enter the graveyard, leading a little child, and approaching to the head of a recently made tomb, and there kneeled down. Her slender frame trembled like an aspen leaf, while her tears fell thick and fast. Her heart was full, and her deep emotion spoke the strength of her love for the one whose departed spirit she had come, at that lone hour, to commune with. At last she raised her head, and a degree of calmness had passed over her soul; as though the spirit of the departed one had witnessed her deep devotion, and whispered peace to her heart. I moved a few paces towards her; but her soul was wrapped too deeply in its own loneliness and pensive feelings to desire interruption, and I turned aside. Her eye was raised towards heaven, and she p

out her soul's desire to her unchanging Father and Friend. A change had come over her spirit, that showed her soul had settled down into a degree of serenity and resignation—that her faith had poured balm upon her wounded spirit, by an assurance of a re-union in a world to come with that one to whom her whole heart was given.

Never was I more forcibly impressed with a sense of the healing power of the gospel of life to raise the wounded spirit, and cure humanity of 'the ill's flesh is heir to.' Never was I more sensibly reminded of the great purpose of the Savior, 'to bind up the broken hearted, and comfort all those that mourn.' How calm, like the dews of heaven upon her parched soul, did the thought come, that she should not forever be separated from him who was her only joy. Faith like a heavenly angel comes, when her spirit is ready to faint within her, and directs her eye to realms of delight, where the heart in the fullness of its affection shall no more repine, nor sorrow, nor death, ever find entrance. Where could the wounded spirit find rest from the deep burden of its sorrows, were it not for the light of 'life and immortality' beaming upon it! When those we have loved, and by whom we have been loved as we never shall be again, are with us no more—when the tendrils of our hearts have been sundered, and are bleeding at every pore—when in its loneliness the heart feels that all in which it found delight are fled—when its fountains of joy and bliss are dried, to what could it fly for help, and where could it 'find a resting place,' were it not for a voice from above, calling upon us to direct our eyes away from the shores of time to a land where we and our kindred shall live again. Well may we add with the poet—

'O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.' W. S. B.
Hartland, Vt.

IN AN ALBUM AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Original.

'Tis hard to leave thee, Mighty flood,
'Tis hard to leave thee now,
With that broad thunder in thy depths,
And glory on thy brow;—
'Tis hard to leave thy granite rocks,
And thy white dashing foam,
To greet the tiresome worldly cares
That wait around my home.

D. B. H.

AMUSEMENTS.

Original.

IN the wise division which Solomon made of the time allotted to man on earth, he apportioned a part to the pleasures of diversions. There is a time to laugh, as well as to cry; and a time to dance, as well as to mourn; and if religion is a kind counsellor in seasons of suffering and sorrow, she is also fitted to direct us in the choice of our amusements, and the portion of time we should give to them.

Religion should be blended with our amusements; and though it may seem to some to be a strange association, it is nevertheless a union that is just and needed,—much needed to guard from extremes, and defend against those pleasures which are detrimental to our virtue and peace of mind.

The influences of religion may be felt even in the *ball room*, where hearts are glad amid rational mirth. It will there bid the heart be grateful for the thrilling and joyous tones of music and friendly voices; it will there foster a peaceable and yielding disposition for others good; and it will there hush the wild throbbings of envy, and still the dark thoughts that creep into the breast as others are noticed with a more favorable eye, and others are spoken of with a more flattering tongue. Religion will also there calm the impulses of passion, bid the unholy promptings of desire to slumber, and impel the votary of the social dance not to sacrifice health to pleasure, nor let the light of morn break in upon the unfinished mirth of night.

There is certainly something wrong in the religious world in reference to recreations. There is too great a proneness to look upon all amusements as the snares of Satan, as the deluding charms of vice, and as the food of the sinful and careless propensities in man. The new convert is called upon to 'renounce the vanities of the world,' and by this is meant, to throw from him, or her, not the vanities marked by the moral law as wrong, but all the gaieties of dress, the charms of easy cheerfulness, the pleasures of the cheerful dance, and like amusements, that light the burden of life, encourage men to labor, and unite, improve, and refine society. Many christian professors think it a precious proof of regeneration in newly made disciples, to hear them talk sorrowfully of the dangers and awful sin of

the social dance, without reference at all to time, place, and company.

With another we say—'We have indeed our fears and cautions to suggest; but still it appears to us, that these views and this treatment of the subject of recreation, are both very unjust and injurious. Undoubtedly there are amusements that are sinful, such as gaming, and all those enjoyed at the expense of cruelty to animals. And there are others made sinful by abuse. But it is equally true of business; there are pursuits of business that are wrong, and others that are abused. And we might as well lay one as the other under the ban of the pulpit, and talk against it, as the sinful way of the world, and shut it out from the lawful course of a christian's life.'

There may be some who err so strangely as to imagine that the being who is ever gloomy and sad, is regarded with the greatest complacency by the Deity. We believe it not. We state it as our solemn conviction that for a man to be ever mournful and filled with gloom, is to cast the reflection on the character of God that he does not delight in our happiness, but is best pleased with our sorrows. He that made the mother to feel gladness when the face of her first born was illumined with the light of smiles, rejoices over us to do us good, and does not delight to see us miserable. Why did he not make the mother to be best pleased with tears? Why did he not make our hearts to be better suited with the dreariness of winter, than with the joyousness, the verdure, the music, and the flowers of summer? Why do we not desire the storm and tempest to continue, and why are we made glad to see the bow of the clouds shining in beauty over us, all radiant with fairer loveliness than art can paint?

It is because there is a propensity to joy and gladness inwrought in the very constitution of our nature; and if the divinity within us oft turns our thoughts to themes of high and holy worth, it also thrills the soul with rapturous joy, with exultation, and teaches us that we may have the joy of the Lord for our strength. Aye, even amid the trials that thronged around the early christians, the disciples were bid to 'Rejoice evermore;' and the spirit of cheerfulness which this command enjoined on them to foster, was indeed to them also the spirit of sustaining power, needed to support them while the storms of persecution were beating upon their heads,

threatening to overwhelm them in a deluge of sorrow.

We shall refer to this subject again. B*.
East Cambridge.

ANCIENT LAWS AGAINST IDOLATRY.

Original.

MANY of the rules of conduct laid down in the Mosaic code, appear to the superficial reader as savoring not a little of trifling superstition. But this is occasioned by ignorance of the peculiar origin and bearings of those laws; and the not remembering that the Hebrews then, like every other people in the rude ages of the world, needed a code of laws constantly directed to their senses, and suited to a people just delivered from debasing slavery.

The wise lawgiver of Israel, influenced by wisdom from above, aimed in all the requirements he set before them, to distinguish them from all other nations, and make them a peculiar people. It was to guard them against the impure, gross, and absurd practices of idolatry, that many of the most singular of the rules were given; this design is clearly made known, Lev. xx. 23: 'Ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you.' Again, 'Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, I am the Lord your God. After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do; and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do; neither shall ye walk in their ordinances. Ye shall do my judgments, and keep my ordinances, to walk therein; I am the Lord your God.'

Subjected as the Israelites were to a long ignominious servitude amid the idolatries of Egypt, it seems reasonable that they should contract many of the gross practices of that people; moreover this opinion is strengthened by the consideration, that the more they conformed themselves to the customs of the Egyptians, the lighter would their chains hang upon them—the more favorable would their masters be to them. It was therefore a great object of the Mosaic institutions to create a deep religious abhorrence of all the vile practices of idolatry, and give the people rules of conduct directly opposed to the impure manners of other nations, and thus check the fearful current of superstition that was ready to pour upon them.

Look for a moment at the tendencies of idolatry, and then judge if it were not well to erect any possible barrier against it. Idolatry darkened the human intellect, drew the mind away from the true God, from the benevolent Divinity, and bade man worship local, ideal, and passionate divinities, who were invoked and supplicated through magical and absurd rites; the thief and the robber, the drunkard and the debauchee, each had their deity, who could easily be made, by a small offering, to favor their favorite passions.

Hence we perceive that there could not be any pure morality amongst them, but many incentives to lead them to obey the impulse of desire and present interest. A short penance, or small gift, could make their gods propitious, and blot out the record of heinous crimes. The Mosaic code of religious laws powerfully tended to preserve the Hebrews from all the superstitions of the nations around, and promote a more enlightened morality in their midst. The more we can discover of the reigning idolatry of the times, the more perfectly we shall be able to understand the peculiar bearings of the Mosaic rules; and we hesitate not to say, that a correct knowledge of the whole, would prove the importance of the most minute requirement; and show, that what now seems to us as savoring of superstition, was in reality a wise provision.

To enlighten and elevate the human mind, is not the work of an hour, or of a day. The progress of such an undertaking is slow and gradual; and hence the rules of conduct prescribed by Moses were fitted for the minds of the Israelites, degraded as they had been by abject servitude; and those rules were proper aids to renovate and improve the inner man. We must go back to the people and the times, if we would judge candidly of the Mosaic code; and it is wrong indeed to consider those rules as though they were made to regulate as enlightened a state of society as now exists. Thus considering them, is the source of the unmanly ridiculed vented forth upon them by those who make loud claims as the children of enlightened reason, and who prove their pretensions only by scoffing at every thing sacred.

We shall now endeavor to point out the tendency of some of the Mosaic rules, and show that many laws that at first sight seem absurd and trifling, were devised for wise purposes, that the Israelites should not walk in the vile manners of

the corrupt nations around them. We will first bring into contrast some of the peculiarities of the Hebrew policy, with some of the features of the heathen systems which then existed.

1. The great truth of the Jewish religion was the acknowledgment of one supreme God; but in every system of the heathens there were gods many, and contradictory.

2. The Jewish religion recognized their Deity as an intelligent, almighty, and omniscient Spirit; the heathen deities were of wood and of stone—yea, brutes were worshipped, and the beast that was born to labor, was made an idle god.

3. The festivals of the Jewish religion were innocent, and seasons of solemnity, and of gladness; their ceremonies were orderly and chaste, well calculated both to make them grateful to God, and to honor his name. The heathen feasts and festivals were all that impurity could wish; riot and madness of mirth reigned there; and the most religious wildly lacerated their bodies, tore their hair from their heads, and performed other horrid customs.

4. The Jewish religion expressly forbade any acts of magic, or superstitious divination. Witchcraft, necromancy, and their kindred were held in just abhorrence. The heathens were extremely addicted to all manner of magical rites, to holding communications with the dead, and to propitiate their deities, they offered the most superstitious sacrifices.

5. And our limits can admit no more contrasts, we add, The religious rules of the Jews that regulated their purifications and diet, were such as were wisely suited to the climate and the health of the people. The heathen laws were lamentably deficient in this particular, and hence originated many diseases, and unclean habits, the most vile appetites were fed, and the worst passions strengthened.

From this we learn a little of the excellency of the Jewish policy over the systems of the heathens, and perceive the contrast between religion and superstition. But we propose to consider more particularly some of the idolatrous practices against which the precepts of Moses were directed, and thereby show that rules which now seem trifling, were, when given, of vital importance to the welfare of the Hebrews, that they follow not the unholy manners of other nations.

1. In Lev. xviii. 21. we read, 'Thou shalt not

permit any of thy seed to pass through the fire to Moloch.' This had direct reference to one of the most savage customs that ever superstition created. The pagan priests led the worshippers of the fire to believe that to make their children pass through the burning path to Moloch, the sun, was dedicating them to this god, and would ensure their prosperity. But this savage rite grew in horror until it became common for parents to burn their children alive, and thus imagine they gained the favor of the sun. Against this barbarous custom the solemn command was given, and the Jews defended from a rite common among their neighbors.

2. Lev. xix. 26. We read, 'Ye shall not eat any thing with the blood; neither shall ye use enchantment, nor observe times.' This referred to a strange custom among the idolaters, which was their regarding blood as a food acceptable to their demons, and which led them to preserve in a vessel the blood of the victims they slew, place it near them when they eat, fancying that while they partook of the flesh, the demons drank of the blood, and kept from them, while their gods blessed them. The Jews were guarded against this practice, and the use of enchantment, or the performing the magical rites of the idolaters near the blood of their victims, as the heathen worshippers expected by their ceremonies to gain an audience from the spirits of the departed, and learn the mysteries of that country from whence no traveller returns.

3. Lev. xix. 27. 28. We read, 'Ye shall not round the corner of your heads, nor shalt thou mar the corner of your beard. Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you.' This is explained by another usage among the idolaters. The priests regarded the rounding their hair and beards as essential to the success of their worship, and unless the beard was rounded, the prayer would not be heard. But the superstition did not rest only with the priests, the people on mournful occasions would tear their hair, offer it to the gods on the corpse, and throw it into the tombs of their friends. This they regarded as acceptable to their deities, and even pleasurable to their dead friends. It was also a practice to cut and mark their flesh, as favorable to the fate of the departed, and hence the command—'Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead; nor print any mark upon you.' This last precept more immediately referred to the

custom of marking on their bodies the symbol of the deity to whom they most exclusively devoted themselves.

4. We read a caution given to the Hebrews not to plant groves near the altar of God, and for them to wear the garments belonging to the respective sexes, and not make exchanges. Deut. xvi. 21. 22–5. These commands arose from the unholy scenes of riot and confusion which were around the heathen places of worship. Within the verdant and shady grove they erected the sacred altar, and thousands gathered near the consecrated place. But riot, excess, and debauchery, reigned in unrestrained triumph around the groves and high places; there women paid honor to the gods, clad in the garments of the manly warrior; while men paid their devotions, arrayed in the habiliments of the other sex. Well were all such declared to be 'an abomination to Jehovah;' and wisely was the caution given out against such infamous practices.

5. We notice the superstitions of the pagans connected with the produce and the fruitfulness of garden and field. The idolaters fancied that the stars were the promoters of the growth of their flax and wool; and in honor of the influence of the stars, they wore garments made of mingled linen and woolen. The Jews were commanded not to favor this absurdity, and hence we read, 'Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee.' Lev. xix. 19. And in the same verse we read, 'Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed;' which command indeed appears strange till we consider that the idolaters sowed in one place grapes and barley together for the express purpose of recommending their field to the joint protection of two gods.

The Hebrews were instructed to look up to the one God, as the author of all good, and not to acknowledge the influence of a train of gods and goddesses upon the bounty of the earth. He it is that maketh summer and winter, that reneweth the face of the earth, and causeth it to be fruitful. And in all these rules and prohibitions, the wise Lawgiver of Israel sought to guard his people from being drawn into the mazes of idolatry—from all that tended to lessen their reliance on the one God, or lead them from his worship.

Thus considered, the simplest rule has an importance which the superficial reader never attribute to it; all the rules were

were beneficial, and divinely wise ; hence it is folly in him who ridicules the slightest of them, for they all had a force which we can but faintly perceive. They all had their use in preventing the children of Israel from walking in the vile manners of the nations that knew not God, and by them they were preserved from the idolatries of the Canaanites and the Egyptians.

While we consider this subject, how powerfully are we taught the need of a divine revelation. Look upon the unholy rites of the heathens, think of the moral and intellectual darkness that brooded over the human mind, and imagine the misery that superstition creates, and then we can judge a little of the value of a revelation from the beneficent Divinity of the universe. Without that revelation we were ignorant indeed, and the sun, the moon, and the stars might be our deities, the winds and the waters their ministers ; but blessed with a message from the true God, our hearts may be quieted, and we may rely on an Almighty power that rules the world in love.

There is one great truth that is forcibly presented to us by our subject, which is, that man is a religious creature, that there is an innate tendency toward the invisible and mysterious, a natural aspiration of the human soul after God, the great Unknown. We look and search in vain for the origin of superstition, but everywhere we discover humanity acknowledging beings that are not of the earth, earthy ; we everywhere trace the manifestations of the religious faculty in some shape—the propensity is in man, and he will have his god, and the acknowledgement of his divinity is among the first breathings of the living soul ; and though superstition and idolatry are dark things, and debasing to man, yet, like the sunbeam that pierces the black cloud, beams upon us the truth that man is naturally a religious being.

From this we are taught another truth—the necessity of enlightening the religious faculties by correct knowledge of God and his government. Wherever we look upon the unenlightened religionist, there we see the horrid effects of superstition, there the imagination aiding ignorance, causes the wildest fancies to be indulged, and man bows down to wood and stone, and marks the good or angry deity in every changing cloud, in the restless wind, and in the storm ; the misguided mind is taught, not to consider the operations in nature as a mighty

and unbroken chain of causes and effects, but as having no connection and relation to each other.

Thus in the still hour of night, the solemn astrologer would walk forth, and read in the stars the destinies of nations and men—the glittering dome above was to him only the page of Fate, from whose mysterious characters he drew the caution or encouragement which at morn he imparted to the great of the land ; the statesman and the warrior, the architect and the husbandman, the mother and the child, all listened to his words as the oracles of holy truth. To aid him in his hold on the passions and fears of human kind, the poet wove his numbers, and the fictionist his ingenious fable ; thus the suspicions of the mind were lulled to sleep, and investigating reason was made to slumber in fearful insensibility.

But to us these things have passed away. Light has broke in upon the darkness, and the spectres of night are flown. Christianity delivers us from the manners of idolatrous nations ; and the celestial host of midnight is not the book of fate, but the heralds of unnumbered worlds—the spirits of the departed are not supposed to visit earth, and the midnight rites around the magic ring, no longer invite the white robed ghost from the tomb, or the bodyless sprite from the dark depths of the forest.

Contrast the picture of the heathen at the grave, before considered, with the picture of the christian there. See the idolater tearing from his head its covering, throwing it upon the lifeless body, and into the tomb—see how he cuts his flesh, and hear the terrific shrieks that rend the air—the cries of grief, despair, and agony. Turn from him, and look upon the christian gazing for the last time on the treasure of his heart depositing in the grave. The hands are clasped in meek resignation, and the hopeful eye looks above to the eternal Father—celestial anticipations of reunion, and purer love, are strong in the heart ; and from the lips drop but few words, the speech of the soul reconciled to God. 'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Visions of the better world shine upon his eye of the soul with ineffable glory, and hope conquers grief.

The more the mind is enlightened, the more elevated will be its views of the Supreme ; the dark ages with us have passed away ; Judaism has perished in the rising, and christianity abides

as an all sufficient aid of moral and intellectual progress. It is performing its work gradual; delivering the minds of men from the shackles of error, and the bondage of superstitious fear. In God's own time, the doctrine of endless misery will be numbered among the things that were—the enlightened intellect will reject it as a creature of dreams, not fit for the light of day; and universal humanity shall rejoice in the blessed truth of the Lord Jesus, that there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. B*.

East Cambridge.

THE SABBATH.

Original.

'Tis the Sabbath, the Sabbath, that glorious day,
When from Jesus' cold tomb the stone rolled away,
And HE rose triumphant, the conqueror of sin,
The victor of death, and the Savior of men.
But list! there's a sound on the light zephyr borne,
From whence comes its soothing and mellowed tone?
'Tis the bells of the Sabbath, the loved Sabbath bell,
To the heart it is speaking, and sweetly doth tell
That the period of worship to God hath now come,
Assemble ye people within his blest dome.

Leave behind the cares of earth,
Leave behind thy thoughtless mirth,
Leave the vanities of life,
Leave the passions stormy strife,
Banish sinful thought, and now
To the house of worship go.

O! bend in the spirit of meekness there,
And pour forth thy feelings in fervent prayer;
O lift up thy voice with the organ's tone,
In praise and thanksgiving to God's high throne;
And, if the perplexing cares of life,
Have over thy spirit cast clouds of grief,
O then to the ONE ever present turn,
For he can thy wishes and griefs discern,
And he of his spirit will freely give,
And every sorrow of thine relieve.

ZYLPHA.

A STORY OF TRIALS.

Original.

It was a cold bleak day in the depth of winter, on which I was travelling in the interior of Maine. The air was sharp and piercing cold, while the newly fallen snow, which the winds had blown into drifts, rendered the roads almost impassable. Towards evening black clouds were hovering on the verge of the horizon, and threatened but a stormy shelter to the wearied

traveller. I had for some hours been riding through a thick and gloomy forest, broken now and then by a solitary farm house, surrounded by a cleared space, alone and secluded from the bustling world. After a weary ride, I caught a glimpse of a distant church spire, and in a few moments a turn in the road disclosed a small village, which by its neat appearance denoted the industry and economy of its inhabitants. Through the windows shone brilliant lights, created by the blaze of cheerful fires, and forms could be discovered flitting by them, which at a distance could easily have been conjured into fairy spirits. I alighted at the first dwelling at the entrance of the village, and knocked at the door, which was quickly opened, and my request for shelter for myself and horse, for the night, was readily granted. I was soon seated by the bright fireside, and entered into conversation with the family; but the person who particularly attracted my attention, was a lady who bore the marks of advanced age, but still remained in unimpaired possession of her faculties. Her son, who was the father of this family, still looked up to her for guidance and direction as in his early days. His wife was young and lovely, and her appearance rendered still more attractive by the perfect neatness with which she was attired. Her children bore the same marks of a love of order and cleanliness. The simple furniture was placed in exact order, and in one corner of the room a few books were arranged, which showed that mental cultivation was not neglected for love of worldly gain, or the intemperate gratification of a desire of pleasure. The evening meal was soon prepared, to which we all sat down, and my hunger was soon appeased by the plain but wholesome food which was placed before us. After we had finished our repast, I directed my conversation to the aged lady, and it was my endeavor, if possible, to gain a history of her past life and experience, from her own lips. After a little hesitation she complied with my request. During her simple narrative, I was surprised at the strength of memory she possessed, and the clear and unclouded conception of things and events long passed. I will give her story in her own words as nearly as possible, to illustrate the truth that 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

'I was born in 1750, in the town of ———, Massachusetts. My father was a farmer, the produce he raised, with industry and

my served to maintain us in comfort, if not independence ; still it was an occupation embracing much danger, for if at any distance from our dwelling, he was liable to be savagely murdered, or taken prisoner by the Indians. My mother of course was very anxious for his safety, and although at that time I was very young, my sleep was broken by frightful dreams of savages, and their cruelties, and I drew closer to my mother's bosom as a protection from my fears. At last they were verified. One hot sultry day in July, my father went at an early hour to a place about a mile distant from the house ; noon came, and passed, but he did not return. My mother was extremely troubled, but she endeavored to quiet her fears by the hope, that having nearly finished his work, he would not return until ended. Night came ; darker and darker grew the heavens, and the black clouds which were rolling over our heads, gave signs of an approaching thunder storm. Our evening meal had awaited his return, and still remained untouched ; the thunder was soon heard rumbling slowly and fearfully, and the flashes of vivid lightning which followed immediately terrified me extremely. My mother, nearly frantic with grief, alternately ran to the door to gaze, to gain a glimpse of some human being, and returned to fold me in her arms in an agony of tears. Midnight at last brought me relief by the stupor of sleep, but my mother sat watching by our side, and imagining every noise to be the stealthy tread of the Indian. There now remained no doubt of my father's fate, and at early dawn she made preparations for our departure to a place of greater safety. As soon as the sun rose to view, she, taking my brother, who was then a babe, in her arms, and myself and sister by the hand, departed to their father's house, which was four long and weary miles distant. We arrived there about the dinner hour, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and my mother nearly unable to support the weight of her babe. An alarm was immediately given, but all returned at night wearied and disheartened ; no trace or track of an Indian could be seen. My mother was immediately seized with a raging fever, which in five days terminated her life, and left us, three helpless orphans, to the mercy of the world, and to mourn the double loss of father and mother. My grandmother, by her care and kindness, soon caused us to forget her sorrow, but the memory of my parents still as fresh in my mind as at the time of

their death. My father's body was found the next spring, but putrefaction had erased all lineaments of his features, and he was known only by his clothing. His scalp was torn from his head, which left no doubt of the manner of his death. We all continued to reside at our grandfather's until our respective marriages. My brother, after his union, removed to this state, where he resided until his death, which took place a few years since ; my sister lived but a few years after her marriage, but sank to an early grave, the victim of a lingering consumption ; and my own husband owned a small farm in Mass., from which we earned a subsistence by hard industry and economy. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he was called upon to take arms in his country's cause, and leaving home, wife, and children, he obeyed the call. There remained in my mind a vivid recollection of the death of my father, and I pictured to myself my husband dead or dying on the field of battle without one friend to cheer him, or convey to his parched and thirsty lips, a drop of water. He treated my fears as superstitious whims, and the images of an overwrought fancy. But alas ! I was not mistaken. The first tidings I received of him were of his death. I was left with three small children, and in my misery and grief I almost blamed the Supreme Being for withdrawing the support of my husband's arm ; but when I looked upon my little ones, and thought that he had promised to be a 'Father to the fatherless,' my mind was relieved, and I was enabled to say with sincerity, 'not my will, but thine be done.' My exertions in their behalf were crowned with much success. My children soon became large enough to render me some assistance ; and to see them increasing in knowledge, and their bodies strengthened by the labor they performed, gave a new spur to my already great exertions, and I was again contented and happy. Their untiring industry met with its reward ; the farm flourished under their care, and yielded more than sufficient for our own consumption, and the remainder was exchanged for articles which are now considered as necessities, but to us then were luxuries. About sixteen years after my husband's death, my eldest son was seized with a fever, which endangered his life. After a severe struggle he arose from his bed of sickness, but was a *maniac*. He was shut out from the world, its pleasures, and its enjoyments, and at times was raving, and nothing could soothe

him but my voice. Then I would pillow his head upon my lap, and kiss his pallid brow, and he would become immediately calm. At such times, and then only, would he seem to know me, and once he spoke my name; but his features, which had been partially illumined by a ray of returning reason, instantly resumed their imbecile expression. He grew worse daily, and it soon became necessary for our safety to confine him more closely. At that time insane hospitals were unknown in this country, and we were obliged to convey him to a small cottage at a few rods distance from the house; and every thing was prepared to render him comfortable; but by some unknown means he set fire to his room, and either through fear or weakness could not escape from the fire. Before it was seen, he was beyond the reach of human aid. Much rather would I have seen him die in his first illness, than to be thus tortured and burnt to death, like a savage victim at the stake. It was a long, long time before I could reassume my accustomed cheerfulness; but at last the sense of the duties which I owed my two remaining children, overcame my grief, and I regained my wonted even tenor of mind. My eldest remaining son, whom you see before you, soon after married, and removed to this state, and at the same time my youngest son started for the Western States, to seek and gain if possible, a better fortune. I have nurtured a hope that he would return before I died, and that I might behold his face once more, but I fear that I am doomed to be disappointed. I am fast sinking to the grave, and he must return soon, very soon, if he would see his poor old mother again.' A tear started to her eye, which she hastily brushed aside, and soon regained her serenity of countenance.

A long silence ensued, which was broken by a hasty knock at the door, which was instantly opened, and a young man entered. After a few inquiries were made, he stood irresolute for a moment, and then hastily rushed forward and threw his arms around the old lady's neck. My son! My mother! were the only words uttered; for it was indeed her son, whom she was so lately wishing to behold. He had returned rich in worldly goods, and in virtue and manly fortitude. There was but little sleep under that roof for that night. I resumed my journey on the ensuing morning, humbled within myself to think that the trials which this old lady had undergone, would have crushed me broken hearted to the grave.

Reader, this is no fiction, but truth. The aged lady was a Universalist, and was sustained and cheered under all her trials, by a firm belief in an overruling paternal providence, and she felt the truth of the ancient promise—'*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.*'

L. F. B.

Bangor, Me.

THE WARNING.

Original.

How OFTEN when we would be gay amid surrounding mirth,
Will a weight bear our spirits down, to the dull things of earth;
And the heart be mid joyous scenes with sudden sadness bowed,
As o'er the sunny landscape, passes the darkening cloud.

Is not the presence felt, of those who unseen round us stay?
The guardian spirits of the dead, watching our devious way;
And do we not when saddened thus, their gentle voices hear,
Warning us kindly, to prepare for evils hovering near?

I knew a fair and gentle girl, all tenderness and truth,
Who saw the dark grave closed above the idol of her youth;
Bright hopes of heaven and holy things, within her heart were strong,
And all who loved her sadly thought, the flower would fade ere long.

'Come, Anna, love!' her mother said, 'leave thou the pale moonlight,
And bind the wreath upon thy brow, to meet the gay to-night;
I would not have thee musing here within thy bower alone,
But lend thy light foot to the dance, thy voice to music's tone.'

'Oh! mother, dearest!—urge me not to mingle with the gay,
A loved voice from the spirit-land is calling me away;
I may not bring a pale cheek there, for I have read my doom,
And if I wreath my locks to-night, I wreath for the tomb.'

To seek the lone and lovely one, the mother left the crowd,
 And soon her voice of agony was heard in wailings loud;
 For pure as a night-folded flower, she found her sleeping there,
 With a sweet smile upon her lips, and roses in her hair.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

THE PEOPLE OF NATURE.

IN a district of Asia, surrounded with mountains, lived a small colony, in simplicity and with few wants. Their founder had fled here to seek a retreat from the persecutions of a tyrant. He died soon after his arrival, and left behind him an offspring in the wilderness. With these the colony was formed. They possessed but little knowledge, though they had preserved the tradition that there existed, a being of superior power, called God. Where this Being was, and of what appearance, and how he carried on his operations, they knew not. But they revered the mountain stream, which flowed through the valley, as their God. For they drank of its tide, and the stream was the only water of the valley, and it made the soil fruitful.

Suddenly the melted snow came down from the summit of the mountain, and swelled the stream, so that it carried away men and cottages. And they trembled before their God, and said, He is offended with us; let us, as soon as his anger is again excited, consecrate what is most dear to us! Thus they spake, and resolved, as soon as the stream rose again, to cast their youngest children into his tide, in order to appease him. The parents wept, and waited trembling for the day of sacrifice. Thus superstition triumphed over the tenderest feelings of their hearts.

The day of sacrifice came, and the weeping parents brought their children. Then a stranger approached them, whom they called Maho, which signifies, son of the sea. Will you unite a greater evil to a less? said he. Subdue the stream! But the people were astonished and retreated. And many said, He blasphemes God!

The stranger carried a lyre in his hand. He touched the strings and sang. And the people gathered round him, and, united in a joyous circle, followed the sound of the lyre into the mountain. Here they loosened rocks and formed a

dam across the stream. Then the mountain snow melted, and the stream swelled, but its rush was confined within limits.

The men were astonished, and cried, The son of the sea is God! But he smiled and said, Then you are all Gods! For have you not overcome the stream with your own strength? Whatever the power of man can conquer cannot be infinite. You did not know your strength. Investigate and exercise the faculties you possess, and then you will begin to understand the character of God.

And they inquired among themselves, Where then does he dwell? But Maho was silent, and taught them to cultivate their fields and to plant trees. And they observed that the rain and the dew which made the fields fruitful and productive, were sent from above. And they said, God dwells above! The cloud is his pavilion, he fertilizes the valley! We will give him of our fruits that he may descend to us. Then they built a hearth upon a hill, and burnt on it the first of their fruits, and suffered the smoke to ascend as an offering of incense to their God! For they said, He lives on high! The heavens are his habitation, and the clouds his pavilion.

Meanwhile, though they knew as yet but little of God, the valley became more lovely and magnificent in vegetation and fruitfulness, and the people were happy in their simplicity. But they longed very much to behold the unknown Being, and they said to the wise man, Make us an image which will aid us in remembering him; for he does not come to us! Then Maho smiled, and made an image of human form, and they placed it in a tent, and called the tent the house of God. And they ceased to inquire who and where is God. For they soon regarded the image as God himself, and sat dainty food before him, and ate and drank. Thus they humbled what was infinite, and by these means debased themselves.

This displeased the wise stranger, and he came to them and said, Come and see whether this is the mighty unknown! And he threw fire on the tent of their God, and it burnt to ashes, together with the image! Then the people cried, The image is not God! And they inquired again, Where can we find him? But the stranger said, Behold, the trees and plants grow and bloom in silent beauty, and the earth produces every thing. For an invisible breath blows over and revives them by day and night.

But you are not acquainted with the form and nature of the breath which fills the hill and the valley, and man and beast. Then the people exclaimed, Now he is revealed to us, his name is breath! He moves around the earth and dwells in the breast of man and beast!

But the wise man answered, Do not seek for a name or form, but let beneficence dwell among you like the breath which fills every thing. Then the unknown himself will be near you!

And there arose a man in the colony who entertained feelings of haughtiness and jealousy towards the stranger. For he hated him because the people revered his wisdom, and they called him Zalmi, which signifies the gloomy. And he avoided him with a dark countenance.

But on a sudden there appeared in the valley a shaggy lion, a formidable animal, who had come from a distance over the mountain, and he attacked man and beast, and then returned with a bloody mane to his retreat. The inhabitants of the valley concluded that it was an evil subterraneous animal, and hid themselves in their cottages. But the wise man said, We must meet the monster, and sallied forth at the head of the people.

As they approached the dwelling of Zalmi, he came out and sneered at Maho, and said to the people, He will sacrifice you finely to the vengeance of the animal, that he may govern you easier after your number is lessened. He is disaffected with our alliance!

The wise stranger was silent, but the people were afraid.

In the mean time Zalmi's young son had strutted far from the cottage, and Zalmi loved him dearly. And, behold, the lion came out of the wood and roared, and the people trembled and fled. But the lion hastened towards the boy with open jaws and licked his beard; and Zalmi, together with the mother of the child, stood at a distance wringing their hands.

And Maho approached the furious beast, struck him on the head so that he staggered, and embraced him so that his spirit fled. And now, though faint and bleeding, he carried his rescued boy to his bitter enemy. And the father and mother of the boy fell upon their faces and wept, and said, We are unworthy of raising our eyes before thee.

The people also approached to worship the conqueror of the lion, and said, Are you a man, or the invisible in human form, that have dis-

charged such an act of benevolence to your enemy, and have despised your own life to do good? What means this?

Thus spake the people. But the wise stranger said, My children, I am a man like yourselves. A small voice within commanded me to perform this action. Such a voice also speaks in your hearts; therefore value my deed higher than my strength. It has also spoken so loud in the soul of our brother Zalmi who hated me, that he fell upon his face and wept! And, behold, it already lives in the heart of his child; for he fastened his little arms around my neck and fondly caressed me. Behold, my beloved, this is the breath and the voice of the invisible in your hearts. Do what it commands you, and you will become better acquainted with him. For the divinity is no where nearer to us, than in our own hearts!

And the people exclaimed, Now we are sensible indeed that he needs not a dwelling, a likeness or a name! And from that time they revered the invisible spirit through faith and love, and child-like simplicity, and their eyes were opened more and more. Nor did they ask again, where and of what appearance is God.

PRUDENCE.

Original.

A GREATER part of the unhappiness among men, is more the result of a want of prudent caution, than of any other quality. A want of this virtue brings harshness and anger into the social circle; severity and bigotry among religionists; division among friends, and poverty in the place of competence; it causes men to be the mere creatures of excitement, rash, and inconsiderate, regardless more of the consequences of their actions, than of the present moment's enjoyment or interest.

A knowledge of the fact that we are all more or less creatures of excitement, should teach us to be more considerate, and beware of fanning the spark that may kindle into a flame, and soon spread desolation over all the better charities of our nature. And in all things consider the end—what the probable result of the contemplated action will be; that consultation may prevent a precipitancy, and teach us, whether we are, or not, able to sustain the accumulating weight of responsibility we are about

undertake. How many who are now thrust out into the highway of ruin, might, with this prudence to guide them, have still rejoiced in the pleasant fields of competence. How many families, who are now divided heart against heart, might still have dwelt in amity and love, had they cherished that prudence that teaches us to bow, like the sapling, and let the storm pass over, and not, like the stern oak, unbending stand, and be shattered to pieces.

I have seen two streams flow down a mountain's side into a vale below, where they mingled into one, and flowed on in playfulness, until some jutting rocks strove to impede their progress and divide their union; the effort was vain, for, as though the genius of friendship had directed them, they gently curved their way, and peacefully glided past, leaping onward with a more joyous pace. Then thought I, here is a lesson of wisdom—a sermon indeed from 'running brooks'—a rich moral worthy of remembrance. How many gaily set forth in life, and go on in gladness, while the path is smooth and straight, but who are divided by the first rock of anger which disturbs their peacefulness. Neither will yield, and against the rock they dash, divide, and ever after pursue a troubled course; while a mutual desire to preserve union and peace, would have made them yielding, and enabled them to soon pass the enemy, and go on their way rejoicing, into smooth and sweet waters.

Prudence in contriving, often makes up for want of means, as we see clearly displayed in the case of Gideon, as recorded in Judges, 7th chapter. Gideon took 300 men, and ordered each man to take a lamp, a pitcher, and a trumpet; at midnight he went to the enemy's camp with his men, each having his lamp hid under the pitcher; and when they came to the Midianites' camp, Gideon and his men blew their trumpets with a tremendous blast, awoke thereby the enemy, and broke suddenly and together their pitchers, crying as the blaze of light struck on the astonished gaze of the besieged, 'The sword of the Lord, and Gideon.' And as Gideon's men stood around the camp, in their left hands their lamps, and in their right hands their trumpets, blowing a victorious shout, 'all the host ran, cried, and fled;' slaying each other amid the confusion, conquered by trumpet tones, without a single enemy's sword.

We can from this draw a useful moral. When we are opposed in mind by many and various

desires, let us exercise that prudence that teaches us to exercise our reflective powers, and let the light of wisdom shine within, and banish those enemies to our peace; it is the lamp of knowledge, that conquers the foes of ignorance, and shows us that the path of industry and contentment is the road to tranquillity of mind—our best good.

RASHNESS.

Original.

How MANY friends that now are estranged from each other—how many who are called by dearer names than friend, that dwell at the extreme distance of cold heart from warm heart, who can trace back their division to some rash act committed in an hour of excitement, or anger, which is temporary insanity, and they live, or rather stay, month after month, year after year, near, and yet distant from each other. Forgetting that they were cradled in the same arms—drank from the same fountain of life—were smiled on by the same maternal eyes—were learned to lisp the hallowed names of God, father, and mother, by the same voice and tenderness—were watched by the same wakeful eyes—ministered unto by the same fondness, and borne up in the arms of faith to the throne of the Eternal, in the same melting, fervent, soul breathed prayer—forgetting all this, at the very age when they should feel it most, they are apart, and the name of brother comes not to their lips when they meet. The hasty word has oft-time lit the flame of anger, and the bond of friendship has been consumed—the beholder can no longer say, as he gazes, 'Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

How often have rash bargains and contracts, caused poverty to come in to drive away competence, and on the imprudent lay a burden which he is in no wise able to bear. How often has the precipitate opinion been expressed, and a blot thereby cast on some fair reputation; a rash judgment formed, and the innocent declared to be guilty, and the honest denounced as hypocrites and scoundrels. A long catalogue of the fruits of rashness might be given, enough to make us all feel its guilt, to resolve to better action, and to look forward to the consequences of our deeds; like the prudent man, foresee the evil, and guard against it; and not rush on to the punishment.

Men sometimes resolve hastily—their rash vow has been heard, and when they have discovered their error, and have the power to prevent the evil, yet will not exert it, because of a false pride; thus add crime to crime; rash resolve, and rash action. We see this hideous passion exercised by Herod; and in his history there is much instruction to be gained by the thoughtful mind that learns wisdom from others folly, and caution from others rashness. 'When Herod's birth day was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before the guests, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she might ask; and she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a bowl. And the king, or Herod, was sorry; nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her.'

Pleased with the dancing—heated with wine—flushed with flattery, the tetrach Herod swore, and proclaimed a rash vow; and having thus committed himself before his guests, his pride would not permit him to retract, and to please the infamous queen, John was murdered in the darkness of a prison. Herod was sorry, but his sorrow availed nought, it reached not the heart; wine to him was a demon to lead him into crimes the most heinous, and drunken companions kept him from retracing his steps.

The history of the wicked Herodias, is one continued history of rashness. She began her career of blackening guilt by indulging an unholy ambition; she forsook her husband, and all that should be to woman worth possessing, and for the baubles of state, and gilded pills of luxury, she became the unlawful wife of Herod; was denounced by the holy man of God, John, and in vengeance contrived to have him murdered, succeeded in her accursed scheme; led her husband to ruin, and died in exile.

How beautiful in contrast with such a character does queen Vashti appear, whose brief, but eloquent history, is recorded in the book of Esther. The king flushed with wine—that genius of rashness—sent for the queen to come in among the guests, that he might boast of her beauty. But such a procedure was against both the customs of the Persian court, and the laws of delicacy. She refused to consent to go to the revelling throng—she knew what her refusal would cost her—even the queenly diadem; but there was a crown she valued more, wherein sparkling

shone the sacred gems of chastity and modesty, and to retain that, she willingly yielded the crown of the Persian queen; and passing by Vanity, she with true feminine courage, went on to the temple of Beauty, Modesty, and Virtue.

B. H.

SAD THOUGHTS.

Original.

'— I never loved a tree, or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade.'

'SURELY to thee, my rose!
Harm can come never;
Thus did I fondly think,
Tending it ever.
Lovely its blossoms grew,
From the storm shaded;—
The frost-spirit kissed it,
Then the rose faded!

Sister! to watch o'er thee,
Is my sad duty;
Thou too art frail and fair,
Rose-like in beauty.
Fast from thy damask cheek,
Life's hue is flying;
And, like thine emblem true,
Thou too art dying.

Thus do the visions bright
Fond hope has given,
Pass like the sunset hues,
Paling to even;—
All that I ever love,
All that I cherish,
Twine close around my heart
Only to perish.

M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.

'SPECIAL SALVATION.'

Original.

MUCH, very much has been written, and ably too, to elucidate the subject of the believer's special salvation; and it would seem, that sufficient light had already been thrown upon it, to preclude the necessity of additional labor in its exposition. To the well informed Universalist, the subject is as clear as the light of the day; and to him, it seems perfectly plain, yea, self-evident, that the believer in this life, enjoys a salvation, a rich salvation, to which the unbeliever is an utter stranger.

Yet, how often is the question asked by

opposers, (and it was put to the writer of this, but a few days since,) 'if Universalism be true, in what is the believer saved, any more than the unbeliever?' or, to put the question in other words, 'if God be the Savior of all men, is He not the Savior of the believer and unbeliever alike; and if so, what benefit or reward, let us ask, does the believer receive, which the unbeliever does not?' These questions are generally asked with the greatest confidence; and frequently, with an honest conviction that they are unanswerable. And any one may perceive that they are deemed, by our opposing brethren, as utterly incompatible with the truth of the doctrine of God's impartial grace. For this reason, we are imperiously called upon, by the highest consideration, to use our utmost endeavors to make the subject plain.

It certainly is a scripture doctrine, that the believer is *special*ly saved. This no one will deny; for St. Paul, writing to Timothy, expressly says, 'We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, *especially* of those that believe.' This point, then, viz: that the believer is *special*ly saved, is conclusively settled.—It only remains that we should point out in what this *special* salvation consists. And in order to do this in a clear and concise manner, we will introduce a simile. The reader will readily perceive that our simile is a supposition—it is not necessary that it should be a reality. It is merely introduced to illustrate our subject.

Let us suppose, then, that in a darkened pestiferous dungeon of Tripoli, twelve American seamen lie in rigorous confinement. The story of their misfortunes runs briefly thus:—Impelled by the love of gain, they had ventured too near the Barbary coasts; their ship encountered one of those terrific scourges of the deep, a prowling Corsair: they were taken, scourged, and condemned to lead a life of captivity and woe.

But the tale of their misery floated on the winds of Heaven across the broad Atlantic—it reached the ears of their countrymen—it called forth the tear of sympathy. Those countrymen petitioned the Congress of the nation, to negotiate a treaty with Tripoli's Bashaw; to pay the ransom demanded for the hapless prisoners; and to set them free. Accordingly our Congress, through the proper persons, opened a negotiation: the Bashaw stipulated the terms of ransom; they were accepted, and the treaty ratified. According to its provisions, the prisoners were

to be liberated at the expiration of five years. But the thought now occurs,—must these wretched men remain, all this time, in ignorance of the happy change that is to be wrought in their condition? Must they linger on, bereft of hope, the disconsolate victims of despair? No! That same Congress, which purchased their liberation, actuated by the pure principles of benevolence, would not suffer them to remain ignorant of the cheering fact. Accordingly a messenger was sent, to announce to them the joyful tidings. He arrived; he sought their gloomy prison; with a bosom thrilling with rapture, he made known the object of his mission. In the tender accents of love and affection, he bade them rejoice; he exhorted them to cast away all doubt and despair, and to let hope become the peaceful tenant of their bosoms; for they were soon to be liberated—they were shortly to be permitted to return to their 'father land,' and to behold again the beloved scenes of their homes.

A part of those hapless men readily believed the 'glad tidings' which the messenger announced. And, mark the effect it had upon them—they rejoiced 'with joy unspeakable;' they blessed the affectionate messenger—they invoked the choicest blessings of Heaven upon their deliverers. And now the day-star of hope beamed into their gloomy dungeon, and cheered their desponding hearts with its mild and silvery radiance. Before its kindling rays, the black clouds of despair fled away; and these now happy men bask in the bright sunshine of gratitude and joy.

A portion of the remaining prisoners would not believe the joyful news. They pronounced the messenger an impostor; and, even now, they will not for a moment harbor the belief that they and their fellow prisoners are to be liberated—it is all *delusion*! Consequently they have always been, and still are, under the cruel and comfortless dominion of doubt and despair. No ray of hope beams through the gloom that enshrouds their minds; no bright visions of the future comes, like the 'Watch-tower light,' streaming over the dark and tumultuous billows of the ocean, to cheer their disconsolate hearts; but all is gloom, sadness and misery.

The remaining portion of these unfortunate men took a *medium* course. They believed, *in part*, what the messenger announced. They believed that a part only of the prisoners would be set at liberty; and that they themselves were

that part ! And they still continue in this belief, or rather, *half-belief* ; but it is not calculated to afford them happiness. They have brothers and friends in the prison with them ; and these must drag out a wretched life in captivity and chains ! Ah ! there is pain, there is *misery*, in the very thought !

And here we leave these unfortunate men—a portion of them firm, and *rejoicing* in the belief, that they shall all at length be liberated ; another portion obstinately refusing to believe that they shall ever be freed from their cruel bondage ; and the remainder as resolutely persisting in the belief that *they alone* shall be set at liberty, while their unhappy comrades will be left to pine away in wretchedness and wo.

Let us now anticipate a little ; let us pass over the intervening space, and go forward to the time, at which the treaty stipulates these prisoners shall be set at liberty. Well, we find them in the same situation in which we left them—some believe they shall *all* be liberated ; others are as incredulous as ever ; and the rest believe *they alone* shall be freed.

But the day of deliverance has arrived ;—the prison bolts fly back—the massive gates swing open—the voice of the messenger is heard, ‘Prisoners, you are free !’ ‘But, stop !’ one of the *partial-believers* vehemently exclaims, ‘do you mean to let those ungrateful, *unbelieving* wretches out of prison ?’ The messenger meekly looks up, and asks, ‘does the *treaty* say they shall not be set at liberty ?’ ‘Yes ; unless they believed what was announced to them !’ ‘But,’ rejoins the messenger, ‘I do not so understand it ; and, moreover, have they not *already* suffered sufficiently through their unbelief ? Are you not willing that they should *now* be freed from misery, and made happy with yourself ? But, to return to the treaty. That contains no *conditions* ; it expressly states, that, at the expiration of five years, the *prisoners* shall be set at liberty. The only question is, who are the “prisoners ?” and it is plainly evident that they are,—*all who are in prison*. Accordingly, I shall let them *all* go free.’

In accordance with this just decision, the messenger tells them to come forth. They cheerfully obey—they all return home ‘with songs’ and thanksgiving—‘they obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing flee away.’ Thus shall all prisoners, being ransomed by the Lord Jesus, eventually be released from the prison-

house of sin, and be made freemen of Christ, and denizens of the skies. God’s name be blessed.

Warren, R. I.

CONVERSION.

Original.

‘AND be renewed in the spirit of your mind ; and that ye put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.’ Here the apostle by a figure drawn from the customs of a theatre, would set forth the transforming power of the christian religion upon the sinner. He refers to the actor, who by shift of dress and manners, is enabled to throw himself into an entire different character, and thereby he who in one hour personates the trembling debility of old age, may the next assume the sprightliness of youth. In writing to the Colossians, he makes a very evident allusion to this custom, thus—‘But now ye also put off all these ; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds ; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.’

Hence we learn, that the renewing of the spirit of our minds is effected by knowledge,—knowledge of the Father, Christ, and his religion ; the effectual working of which renews within us the moral image of God, and so blends itself with all our powers and affections, as to make us grow into the new man created in righteousness and true holiness.

From this we learn what constitutes christian conversion, and conversion is now our theme. Connected with this subject are the wildest and most absurd notions, that ever entered the imagination of man ; hot enthusiasm owes much of its fire to these strange fancies, and religious fanaticism has often been born and nursed in their heat. But christianity teaches us that conversion is not the work of a moment, nor born of noise and excitement, but is the nursling of knowledge—of the truth operating on the mind, and convincing the understanding ; and we grow into the new man as we increase in the knowledge of the truth, and give over our affections to true holiness.

- As many injurious mistakes are prevalen

specting the doctrine of christian conversion, we propose to inquire somewhat minutely into the subject, that we may have just views concerning it. And in the outset, we conceive it to be plainly evident that conversion respects only the moral character of the person—affects his moral principles in such a manner as to make them the friends of righteousness and true holiness.

We do not conceive that conversion imparts any new faculty to the convert; and when God declares that he will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and give them a heart of flesh, and put a new spirit within them, the strong figurative language merely denotes the new character that is to be given to their affections and dispositions. This was intimated to the Jews, when Jesus took a little child, and told them that unless they became as that little one, they could not enter the kingdom of heaven, or become one of his disciples. He did not allude to a physical change, but to a change in the disposition of their hearts, and the moral character of their minds.

All the change of heart that true christian conversion effects, may be accounted for, on perfectly natural principles—there is nothing mysterious about it—it is the giving up of its affections to the laws of holiness, the purifying of all its passions, and the bringing all its desires under the control of righteousness and truth. He that puts off the old man with his deeds, or puts away sinful habits and propensities, and puts on the new man of righteousness and true holiness, or enters a course of truly virtuous life, and pursues it, that man has experienced christian conversion.

But many err in supposing that this is all; that conversion is complete at the time this important and desirable change is effected; not so is the truth; conversion is a progressive work, the convert can grow more and more into the moral image of God, and his path should be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Being founded on false principles, a great majority of the called conversions that are born amid the noise, heat, and fury of excitement, and theatrical display, are short lived, and the persons are like ill repaired roads—the worse for the work laid out upon them. We would give more for one convert made by the natural process of calm and prayerful meditation on the divine word, than we would for a hundred manufactured at the best protracted meet-

ing that ever human ingenuity devised. The one is like the stately oak growing constantly upward in beauty and majesty; but the others are too often like the gourd of Jonah's, 'which came up in a night, and perished in a night.'

2. Conversion cannot be the same to all persons, there is as great a variety as there are shades of moral character. We know that many assert that to a multitude promiscuously gathered, conversion is one and the same thing. Not so does reason and truth decide. The change to be effected in a Jew, or a Pagan, must be different than the change in one who has dwelt in the full blaze of gospel light; and different must be the conversion of one who has known the refinements of education, from that of one who was born and brought up in ignorance and vulgarity.

The Jew before his conversion, bowed in adoration to a living and omnipotent God, but the Pagan convert paid homage to idols of wood and stone; the change in their religious views, was vastly different, and their conversions were of a different character, though they ended in a like result.

There is an endless variety of moral characters among men in christian communities, and therefore conversion cannot mean the same thing to all persons; and we go so far as to assert our conviction that conversion is not necessary to all persons; for there are persons who from their infancy have been the children of God—have bound to their loving hearts his righteous laws—have trusted in his promises, and leaned upon his word—who have nursed in their confiding breasts the truth as it is in Jesus, and have never doubted the written record.

Conversion, as implying a change of religious character, surely cannot be necessary to such persons; and hence the wholesale denunciations of overheated enthusiasts are without warrant. How many good minds have been torn and racked with anguish by the threatenings that unless they experienced conversion the doom of eternal agony would be theirs; to them, conversion was an unintelligible mystery—they had ever loved God for his goodness, and yet were told that their hearts were at enmity with him, and must experience an awful change, or dread condemnation must be their portion. Add to this the declaration that they have no ability of their own to effect the conversion, but must await the sovereign pleasure of God; suspense creates

fear, fear strengthens doubt, and doubting the graciousness of the Father, many are driven to the misery—the dark desolation of insanity.

Yes, to the cruel genius of the doctrine of endless torment, we owe the wreck of many a noble mind, the misery of many a once happy family, and the withering in many a bosom of the best affections of our nature. Fearful is the catalogue of human sufferings caused by the mystery and darkness which that doctrine has cast over the scripture teachings concerning conversion—it has applied to the tender and youthful female the warnings that were sent out to the vile and idolatrous Pagan, and she has been made to feel the torments of remorse, ere she knew the touch of guilt. But such is an unhallowed use of the sacred word, and many thus wrest the scriptures to the destruction of their own peace, and the unhappiness of others.

Conversion as spoken of by the Savior and his Apostles, can easily be understood by any one that will candidly study their teachings, and from them he will also learn that they never described God as the author of any design incompatible with his parental character—his good spirit is ever with and around us, to aid and strengthen us, to conform our minds, affections, passions, and feelings more to the standard of his Son, that we may perfectly put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.

3. Conversion is true, perfect, and acceptable to God, in proportion as it conforms the character of the convert to the standard of true holiness. Too many professed conversions cover the villany of hypocrisy, and are used as a veil for the outer man, that the inner may serve Satan the better; but by their fruits shall ye know the good and the bad tree, and by their fruits shall men be judged. The apostle would have the mind renewed by the spirit of holiness that the converts might 'prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.' Prove it to themselves by knowing by experience the grateful joy that flows from obedience; prove it to the world by a corresponding course of life, that the alienated from the Father may see the beauty of its likeness, and in their hearts be excited the desire to return home to the peace of righteousness.

4. Conversion may be sudden, or it may be gradual. Saul's conversion was sudden, because of a sudden and mighty developement of

the truth, his mind was convinced, his heart was made captive, and an entire new spirit animated his soul. The devotion and wise zeal of all his after life, demonstrated how thorough was his conversion, and how completely he had put on the new man. Some startling occurrence may arouse the sinner, and from that hour he perhaps can date his conversion; some break off from evil habits as with one blow, others relieve themselves of the yoke by degrees; in some the change is at once apparent, in others it is effected by imperceptible advances; but whether the amendment be of sudden, or slow birth, happy is the soul that rejoices in its transforming power.

But there is not only a conversion of the mind from wicked works, but from religious error; many there are whose lives are beautiful before God and men, who are honest in all their actions, and true in all their speech, but who nevertheless are miserable because of belief in erroneous doctrines—they fear that they shall not do enough to make their title clear to heaven, and may in some unguarded hour commit sins that shall exclude them from the bliss of the Father's habitation. They have wept and mourned over their friends and children, and setting bounds to the pardoning and renovating grace of God, they have spent hours on hours of vain and bitter anguish.

But when on their minds beams the illumination of the imperishable truth of impartial and universal redeeming love—when they are permitted to view God as the determinate Savior of all, and look up to Jesus as emphatically the Friend of sinners, then do they know what a glorious thing it is to be born of the truth—to feel the ingrowth of confidence in God, and to have the hope that is full of immortality for the whole race of man. There beams no brighter joy on humanity than the soul knows that has been delivered from the bondage of the doctrine of endless misery, into the holy and gladdening liberty of the truth, that unfolds to the vision of the mind the holiness and bliss of all.

'When gladness wings his favored hour,
God's love his thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
His soul shall meet Thy will.
His lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
His steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on 'Thee.'

It is the illumination of truth that must effect this conversion—it is knowledge of God, and

worth and beauty of holiness, that can give a true spirit to the mind, and purify the heart ; ignorance veils the mind to its best good, and the man is led, as it were, blindfolded into the path of transgression. The word of truth is therefore called 'a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path'—it enlightens the eyes of the understanding, and is a blessed light to the world within.

E. C.

B*.

We publish the following article not because of any poetical merit, but for the excellent moral it conveys—a rich lesson to those misguided mothers who seek rather to show piety abroad than at home, and consign their infants to an unnatural sleep, that they may indulge the propensity to mingle amid the excitement of the evening inquiry and exhorting meeting.—Ed.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

Original.

I SAT in converse with a friend,
 Within a pleasant room ;
 The cheerful fire made us forget
 Without was wintry gloom.
 Swift was the flow of happy hours
 In conversation free,—
 But interrupted was our joy,
 By shrieks of misery !
 They came like sounds of infant cries
 From an apartment near,—
 Out rushed my friend to his own babe,
 As his own life blood dear,
 But 'twas not his that raised the cry,
 But one left in his home,
 By her who bore it, that she might
 Forth to the lecture roam.
 In vain my friend's wife strove to soothe
 The little one to rest ;
 Death came, a messenger of peace,
 And stilled its throbbing breast.
 In came the mother from the scene
 Where she had talked and wept,
 For she in exhortation's art
 Was deemed quite an adept ;
 She bade 'good evening' to us all,
 Then moved to kiss her babe,
 And smiled, for sweetly on its breast
 Its little hands were laid ;
 But oh ! horrific was her look
 As she the truth perceived,
 And found that death, while she was gone,
 Had sadly her bereaved.
 But small her sum of grief was then,
 Compared with what she felt,
 When 'twas disclosed, that her own hand
 A poisonous draught had dealt

To her loved babe, when she in haste
 Was anxious to be gone,
 And fain would have her quiet sleep
 Till she could back return.

HARRIET.

C —.

THE POETRY OF GRIEF.

BEING in our nature as liable to pain as we are susceptible of pleasure ; and by the neglect of our privileges, and abuse of our faculties, subjected to the experience of even greater suffering than enjoyment ; it necessarily follows, that those views of the condition of man which are tinged with the sombre hues of melancholy, should be regarded as the most natural as well as the most interesting. There is little poetry in mirth, or even in perfect happiness, except as it is contrasted with misery ; and thus all attempts to describe the perfection of heavenly beatitude fail to interest our feelings. The joys of heaven are, according to the writers who have ventured upon these descriptions, chiefly made up of luxuries which in this world alone money can purchase, and money is connected in our ideas with toil and strife, with envy, and jealousy, and never-ending vexation ; or they consist of fountains always pure, flowers that never fade, and skies which no cloud has ever obscured—things which we find it difficult to conceive ; or of perpetual praises sung by an innumerable host of saints—an employment which we are not yet able to separate from ideas of monotony and weariness. Far more touching and more descriptive of that state to which the experienced soul learns to aspire as to its greatest bliss, are those descriptions and allusions abounding in the Holy Scriptures, and particularly in the Book of Revelations, where a great multitude which no man could number, are seen standing around the throne arrayed in white robes, and with palms in their hands : and when the question is asked, who are these, and whence came they ? it is answered, 'these are they which came out of great tribulation—they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Here the allusion to the sufferings and wants of our mortal nature is continued throughout, forming that natural and necessary contrast with per-

fect happiness, which is the very essence of poetry. Such expressions as these come home to the heart that has known tribulation, and therefore can conceive the blessedness of eternal repose—which has known the anguish of mortal sorrow, and therefore can appreciate the healing of the heavenly Comforter.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat, that poetry, in order to meet with a welcome in the world, must address itself to the feelings of mankind as they are, not as they should be. It may be, and unquestionably has been, the means of raising in the soul a high tone of moral feeling—of purifying what is gross, and subduing what is harsh; but this can only be effected by establishing a chain of connection between our low wants and wishes, and that which is high, and pure, and holy. Happiness therefore—happiness without alloy, can never be a suitable theme for the muse, until we enter upon a state of existence where it shall more frequently be our experience. But melancholy, towards which all our feelings have some tendency, either immediate or remote, will add a charm to the language of poetry, so long as it is understood and felt by all. Descriptions of life, without its cares and sorrows, would appear to us little less wearisome and unnatural than landscapes without shadow; but those which are varied by the sombre coloring borrowed by experience from the hand of grief, exhibit the principles of harmony, and the essential characteristics of truth.

It has been wisely ordered by the Author of our being, that we should be stimulated to action by certain wishes and wants arising within ourselves. Had man, constituted as he now is, been placed in a situation of perfect enjoyment, it must necessarily have been one of supineness and sloth, in which his mental powers would have experienced no exercise, and consequently no improvement. Thus when we look with regret upon the daily wants of mankind, and feel disposed to regard them as a defect in his nature, or an error in his morals, we do not reflect that they are parts of a powerful machine, so constructed and designed as to awaken and stimulate man's highest capabilities, yet so liable to derangement, misapplication and abuse, as to be frequently converted by his ignorance, or want of care, into the engine of his own destruction. It was the want of some medium of communication, which first led to the use of certain sounds as signs of our ideas, and it was the same want

which produced such an arrangement of these sounds as to constitute a copious language; it was the want of some sweet influence to soothe the asperities of pain, and labor, and fatigue, which prompted the cultivation of music; it was the want of some visible and substantial personification of their own ideas of beauty and grandeur, which operated upon the genius of the first artists, and produced those massive but sublime attempts at sculpture, which arose among the Egyptians, and were afterwards improved upon by the more refined inhabitants of ancient Greece; and it was the want of a higher tone of language, suited to the most elevated conceptions of the human mind, which first diffused the refreshing stream of poetry over the world, gave the charm of melody to the hymns of Israel's minstrel king, inspired the father of ancient verse with those heroic strains which still delight the world, found a language and a voice for the impassioned soul of Sappho, fired the genius of Euripides, and which still continues, though often unknown and unacknowledged, to tune to harmony the poet's secret thoughts, operating upon the springs of sympathy and love, like the airs that touch unseen the chords of the Æolian harp.

But above all, it is under the influence of sorrow that this want is felt. Joy is sufficient of itself; the soul receives it, and is satisfied. But sorrow is burdensome, and the soul would gladly throw it off; and because it cannot give what no one is willing to receive, would cast it upon the winds, or diffuse it through creation's space. The mind that is under the influence of melancholy, knows no rest. It is wearied with an incessant craving for something beyond itself. It seeks for sympathy, but never finds enough. It is dissatisfied with present things, and because the beings around it are too gross or too familiar to offer that refined communion for which it ever pines, it pours forth in poetic strains, the transcript of its own sorrows, trusting that the world contains other sufferers at least half as wretched as itself, who will read, with a pity too distant to offend, descriptions of a fate more lamentable than their own.

There needs no greater proof that melancholy is poetical, than the effect it produces upon imagination, converting every thing into its own bitter food. Under the influence of melancholy, the voice of friendship often sounds reproachful, and always unfeeling when it speaks the truth.

the looks of gladness worn by others, are proofs of their want of consideration for ourselves ; acts of kindness are instances of pity, and pity, under such circumstances, always appears accompanied with contempt.

It is true that religion points to the ethereal essence existing in a happier sphere, directs the attention of the mourner to the undying soul, and urges on his hope to an eternal union ; but we have earthly feelings too frequently usurping the place where religion ought to reign ; and love that is 'strong as death,' turns away from the Heavenly Comforter, and will not be consoled. Love holds a faithful record of the past, from which half the interest, and half the endearment must now be struck out, rendering the future barren, waste, and void. Love keeps an inventory of its secret treasures, where it notes down things of which the higher faculties of the soul take no cognizance—the smiles—the tones of mutual happiness—the glowing cheek—the sunny hair—the gentle hand—the well known step—and all that fills up and makes perfect the evidence of long cherished affection ; exchanged for what ? For the motionless and marble stillness of death, and the cold, unnatural gloom of that deep sepulchre which conceals what even love itself has become willing to resign—for the sad return to the desolate home—the silent chamber—the absent voice—the window without its light—the familiar name unspoken—the relics unclaimed—the harp untouched—the task unfinished—the blank at the table unfilled up—the garden walks untrodden—the flowers untended—the favorite books closed up as with a seal—in short, the total rending away of that sweet chord, without which, the once harmonious strains of social intercourse are musical no more.

The effect produced upon the mind by the contemplation of death, is of a character peculiarly refined and gentle. We necessarily forgive the dead, even though they may have been our enemies ; and if our friends, we remember their virtues alone. They have lost the power to offend again, and therefore their faults are forgotten. It is true, there are associations with the bodily part of death which scarcely come under the denomination of refined, but from these our nature shrinks ; even the common nurse performs her last sad office in silence, and delicacy shrouds in everlasting oblivion the mortal remains of the deceased. It is the task of the poet to record their noble actions—their be-

nevolence—their patient suffering—their magnanimity—their self denial ; and while he performs this sacred duty, his bosom burns with enthusiasm to imitate the virtues he extols.

[Sarah Stickney.]

EYES OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

Original.

THOSE who stray into the wilds of iniquity are thus described : 'Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart.' This shows us the importance of promulgating the truth, that we may convert them from their evil ways—from their alienation from the life of God, by removing the ignorance that blinds their hearts, and veils their minds. Hence the apostle prays that his brethren might have the *eyes of their understanding enlightened*, and thereby be enabled to know the blessedness and glory of the hope of christianity.

This likening of the faculty of the soul by which we discern truth, to the bodily organs of sight, leads us to consider the analogy that exists between the eyes of the body, and the eyes of the understanding ; and this consideration will explain to us why the minds of men are differently affected by the same truths and evidence.

1. We would premise, that as men cannot see without the proper bodily organs of sight, so neither can they have any perception of truth without the proper intellectual faculty ; and this we think completely overthrows the idea that men have no inclination or capacity to love God, and receive divine truth, till after they are converted. This reverses the order of things, for conversion is caused by the enlightening of the understanding by the light of truth, and therefore, if men have no faculty to perceive truth, they can never be converted, even as the born blind must live in darkness.

But as the teachers of the gospel, Jesus and his apostles, spoke of enlightening the eyes of the understanding of those who were even sunk in idolatry and sin, we may reasonably believe that they believed men possessed the power of discerning truth, like as men do the power to see outer things. There are men of blind, diseased, weak, and strong eyes ; and so there are men of blind, diseased, weak, and strong understand-

ings ; and the influence of these differences will be seen in the sequel.

2. Men cannot see without light, the intervention of the sun, or some other luminous body, so with the sight of the mind,—ideas are to it, what light is to the bodily eyes ; and as men are directed in darkness by a guiding light, so do ideas lead and direct the mind. He that placed the brilliant sun in the heavens, and gave us the innumerable glittering lamps of night, without which we should be in gross darkness, and shut out from all the glowing beauties of this lower world,—he has given us the Sun of righteousness, and the light of revelation, to illumine our minds, and to direct the eye of our faith beyond the night of this world, to the eternal day of heaven's cloudless sphere.

As men discern the light of truth, so are they guided ;—unbelief is like the dark night ; doubting is as the gloomy and cloudy day ; but firm confidence in the truth of the doctrine of a world's salvation, is as the cloudless sun of a summer's day, revealing beauty, gladness, and love, in all the Creator's works, and displaying on every side proofs of his boundless love ; and when sorrow or bereavement comes, the hopes of that truth are the quiet and beautiful stars of night—light amid darkness, beauty amid gloom, and grief illumined by those hopes is changed to holy joy, for on the heart is shed the sunshine of the better world.

Jesus is the light of the moral world, and his truth illumines the benighted mind. The light by which the Father is known, and the heart made to love him, will be imparted to all, and hence all shall know him from the least to the greatest, and him to know aright is life eternal. The understanding enlightened, the blindness of heart that leads men astray, will be removed, and the universe of mind become obedient to the perfect law that converts the soul.

3. There may be a sufficiency of light around, and yet men be unable to see clearly, because of a natural or contracted weakness of the bodily eyes ; so with the eyes of the understanding,—they are diseased by sin, error, bigotry, and prejudice—these cast a film over the mind that obscures its perception of evidence and truth ; and these must be removed ere the understanding can be properly enlightened, even as the cause of the weakness of the bodily eyes, must be removed, and the disease cured, ere the sight can be healthy and strong.

Some are short sighted and cannot see beyond the limits of a small circle ; so there are contracted minds that cannot discern a religious truth that lies beyond their ordinary sphere of thought ; and the prejudice and bigotry with which we sometimes meet, forcibly reminds us of the old adage—' There are none so blind as those who will not see.' We cannot bestow on the bigot so refined a pity as we extend to the idiot, because there is a feeling of detestation of his character blended with it.

Ere such darkened hearts, and blinded minds, can be enlightened by the rays of truth, the film of unholy prejudice and wrong biases must be removed ; then, with child-like spirit desiring the sincere milk of the word, their minds may be opened to understand the scriptures, and they view God in all the light and beauty of his love, and rejoice even as the unbelieving Thomas when all his doubts were removed.

4. The bodily eyes are not capable, even when perfectly healthy, to take in all that is suited to their compass, so as plainly to distinguish all in sight, without a patient and steady gaze. Slight glances at the objects in sight will not do ; the eye must be fixed, and the gaze patient ; so with the mind, the eyes of the understanding ; the inquirer after truth must be patient and attentive, not conceiving it to be enough to merely glance at a subject, but with the attention of candor, inquire into its bearings and relations, and always let studious thought precede judgment and decision. ' He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.'

And how much misery has been caused solely by the *hasty glance* ; how many hearts have bled because of the unkind suspicion created by the hasty look, and the ungenerous refusal to investigate the subject, which investigation would free the mind, and make happy the heart. It is lamentable to see the want of candor in man ; and think of the agony caused by too speedy judgment. Religious excitements oft drive, as it were, the mind to a conclusion, and hence the bad effects which often follow such seasons ; at such times the excited mind is often like a superstitious child in the dark—every moment its terror is increased, and the fright ends either in insanity, in making him more fearful, or causing him to laugh at himself for being so terrified—seldom does it result in good. Hence the religious feelings should not be excited without

enlightening the understanding ; then the growth in grace would be sure, and the convert would be fruitful in good works ; and to such a one we can apply the Savior's similitude—'First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.'

We must pass over several other interesting analogies of the bodily eyes, to the eyes of the understanding, and conclude with the 5th. Joy and sorrow are brought to the soul by the faculty of sight, and so is the mind affected by religious views presented to the eyes of the understanding. If the objects we behold are in harmony with benevolence, wisdom, and benignant power, then pleasure is imparted by the sight ; so with the seeing faculty of the soul in reference to religion—if the perception of the subject be conformable with our natural ideas respecting the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the Deity, our souls will be made glad.

The doctrine of endless misery cannot afford joy to the heart ; the vision it presents is horrific in the extreme, and is by no means fitted to impart pleasure either to the sinful or holy. Says Solomon—'The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun ;' and like pleasure is imparted to the soul of man when the eyes of his understanding perceive the blessed and pure truths of the gospel. When with the eye of the mind Jesus saw the complete destruction of sin, he rejoiced in spirit ; but not so can the benevolent heart rejoice while it has faith in the doctrine of eternal sin. B*.

E. C.

A VOICE TO WOMAN.

Original.

'All private virtue is the public fund ;
As that abounds, the state decays, or thrives.'

ONE clear cold evening in the early part of last month, I left my home to attend a levee at the S—— mansion. I arrived at the house, and entered the hall of brilliance and fashion, which was thronged. The splendor of wealth, beauty, and dress, was around me on every side, and the magnificent mirrors that lined the walls, presented pictures of enchantment, as the great variety of forms and costumes constantly flitted by. The airy dress of the ladies, and the costly display of artificial flowers that decorated the hall, served to make me imagine that pleas-

ant summer had come again to visit us. The tones of music were not wanted ; my attention was attracted to the upper part of the room by the sound of as sweet a voice as ever charmed the ear of man. I approached near the spot, and listened with rapture. The song was scarcely concluded, when I heard the exclamation '*Beautiful !*' from a person near the sweet songstress, and I observed that she looked up to him with a smile that spoke how much she was gratified with his approval.

The person, a gentleman in appearance, was a stranger to me ; but as I looked on his countenance with a scrutinizing gaze of a physiognomist, I saw an expression of the eye, and a peculiar curl of the lip, that forced my mind immediately to the conclusion, that he was one of whom to beware, would be an act of wisdom in any female. Knowing that *appearances* may be deceitful, I inquired of a confidential friend who the stranger was, and what was his character. He informed me ; and to my utter astonishment I found that the person was notoriously licentious—a man of whose vile career I had before heard, and who must be held in detestation by every lover of female virtue and dignity.

O it did pierce me to the soul, to see how freely the hand of beauty and innocence was extended to him—to witness how fond the daughters of intellectual and virtuous parents, were of his conversation, and how readily the song was sung, or the melody performed, of which he chanced to speak as beautiful and pleasant to his taste. And yet they *knew the man*—they knew how he had tampered with the affections of many a gentle one—how heartless were his vows, and that he made a bright and beautiful girl go down to an early grave in shame. Still, a graceful form, a handsome exterior, a musical voice, pleasing manners, *wealth*, and an abundance of soft words and honied compliments, led them to accept his attentions, and make him the favorite.

There was no joy for me during the remainder of my stay, for I could not chain down *thought* ; and as I looked upon those confiding females that there sported with the serpent, I could not but fear that some would share the same fate with the too credulous Louisa. But she, poor girl, knew not the real character of her betrayer ; truth had not then removed the mask of deception, and shown that the beautiful without, was within full of foul uncleanness.

Yet, many blamed her—few pitied her, or extended the hand of friendship after her disgrace. And now the same foul reproach upon his race—the same demon in human form—the same smiling serpent, is permitted freely to enter the most refined circles, and clasp the soft hand of purity. Alas! when, *when* will woman arouse to the respect she owes herself, and frown upon the licentious?

I left the hall of gaiety with a sad heart, and on my return home I sat down to pen an appeal to females, in behalf of the cause of virtue and their own honor; but I could not write then, and I can scarce still my nerves to write now. At least I will attempt, if my labor be but a straw against the tide; and I ask woman—mothers, sisters, daughters, and friends—if there is not a great and a good work for them to perform against the pests of society—to banish the seducers of female innocence, and the contaminators of female purity, from the circles of the refined and virtuous, and cause the licentious to *feel* the hideousness of their characters.

Why will not woman rise up in the majesty of her true dignity, and depart, with a pride that well becomes her, from the society of him who has sacrificed beauty to his passion, and innocence to his corrupted appetites! Shall the influence of wealth and a graceful exterior, be mightier than that of religious duty? Shall the voice of warning that comes from the grave of buried beauty and betrayed affection, be hushed by the whisperings of flattery? Shall he whose breath has blasted one of the sweetest flowers that ever graced the garden of parental love, be permitted to breathe forth the same poison to lay waste more? O for the sake of the eternal loveliness of virtue and purity, say No! Let no display of talent, no brilliancy of wealth, no outer graces, protect the licentious from the merited frown, and the eloquent contempt, of insulted female honor. Wait not till more awful trophies of broken hearts, and maddened brains, tell of the continued success of specious villany. Better were a shroud, than a bridal dress, for her that would wed the man who has sacrificed the virtue and peace of one confiding female to feed his unhallowed appetites.

Woman has aided the destruction of her sister—she has received the *known* licentious into her society without reserve, so that they are not made to feel the wickedness—the loathsome character, of their conduct. The betrayed fe-

male, though she seek with bitter tears and the most sincere and deep rooted penitence, to be received into the society of the virtuous of her sex, cannot find that friendly reception that is often given to the most heartless libertine. Is this *consistent*? Is this *merciful*? No! And if consistency were restored, and woman were to shun the dissolute man, as she does the dissolute female, how soon would a desired reformation take place, and a powerful guard erected against the heartless destroyer of the pure and good of the innocently credulous female.

In the language of another I close, and he speaks eloquent words of truth. 'I once saw a man, who by privateering had suddenly become rich, but whose moral character was infamous, in a circle of distinguished ladies, flattered and flattering, his attentions accepted, and his smiles reciprocated. While this is done, by those who from talent, character, influence, claim to be leaders in the high places of society, in vain may we hope for reformation; in vain may we state, that God's commands should be the law of christian communities; in vain may we strive to banish profligacy from our assemblies, our streets, and our firesides.'

'What reasonable plea can be urged in defence of tolerating such characters in society? Will it be urged that shunning them is puritanical; that we must be lenient towards the failings of others; that we all need forgiveness, and therefore must forgive; that we must not expect purity in every one. Such pleas are utterly sophistical. Our hearts and arms are open to forgive and to receive the repentant prodigal; but when a man, day after day, week after week, and year after year, willingly allows his vitiated habits to prevail over his duties, when he voluntarily plants himself in the gloomy desert of sensuality, and even triumphs in his power to allure others into the abyss of moral pollution,—let him be shunned with the horror which the leper of old inspired.'

Boston, Mass.

A VERY useful little volume upon etiquette says: 'If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if she bow to you—you, as a gentleman, cannot cut her.'

CORRECTED REPUBLICATIONS—NO. XI.

THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

ALL lonely she sat in seclusion and sadness—
No husband consoles her amidst her deep woe ;
For no more shall her soul thrill with rapture and
gladness,

T' enliven her features with joy's fervent glow,
At that loved one's approach ; for afar hath he gone,
From th' endearments of home, never more to return.

He hath fled from the glowing affections so tender
Of the being whose life was his presence and smile,
On another his lavish caresses to render,
And, in her embrace, his existence beguile ;
While she he hath promised to cherish doth mourn,
O'er the scenes that have passed, never more to
return.

She thinks on those days, which, though long since
departed,

Still give, in remembrance, some shade of their
joy ;

When gaily she danced through youth's morning
light hearted,

Nor thought of the future for any alloy,
With him whom she loved ; but, alas ! he hath gone,
From the endearments of home, never more to return.

And, yet, in the depth of her anguish and sorrow,
Hope still would illumine her desolate heart ;
And she fain from its cheering resources would
borrow,

That sweet consolation, its smile can impart ;
For still doth her soul cleave to him who hath gone,
And her trusting affection yet waits his return.

She hopes ! but her fond expectation is blasted,
And her too faithful heart sinks, despondent and
drear ;

For, long, lonesome years, on their courses have
wasted,

And brought disappointment her bosom to sear ;
And she pines, broken hearted, for him who hath
gone

From the endearments of home—never more to re-
turn.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Original.

In the burial ground of a small village in a far
off land, there stands a monumental stone, that,
from its singularity, attracts the attention of ev-
ery traveller that chances to come near the spot.
It bears the marks of old age ; and the cautious
peasants of the village are ever careful to keep
as far as possible from it, when their duty calls
them to pass by the place where it stands. It

bears no name, or initials, or date, but in bold
characters is engraven these words only—'THE
MERCY OF GOD IS INFINITE.'

The absence of all mention of name, age, and
dates, gives to the stone a mysterious character,
and the feelings of the reader as he looks on the
inscription, cause him to imagine that there is
a tale of horror connected with the history of the
one whose bones are mouldering in the grave
beneath. The tradition of the villagers is to the
same effect ; they tremble to speak of the name-
less tomb, and tell of the groans of misery that
at night are said to issue from the tomb, and the
awful shadowy forms that walk around the stone
when deep darkness reigns over the earth.

What must have been the emotions of those
who reared that stone—who forbore to engrave
upon it a name of earth, but wrote only—'The
mercy of God is infinite !' Dark and horrible
crimes had been committed by the nameless one,
when the brain was on fire with hate—when the
worst and cruel passions were aroused to lion
fury, and a fiend had crept into the breast, and
reigned there in fierce wrath. Amid his wild
crimes he died—the wreck of a noble form and
mighty intellect, dishonored by overwhelming
passions. Yet there were those that loved him,
though they shrank at the mention of his hor-
rible deeds ; they bore him to the grave, they left
him there, and wrote no name, nor destiny, but
simply inscribed on the stone—'The mercy of
God is infinite.'

Reader ! was it not well thus to write over the
grave of a vile sinner ? Should we not have hope
even for the worst, and believe God is as good
as the best wishes of the human heart would
have him to be, to the erring and corrupt ? The
mercy of God is infinite, and the chief of sinners
he, in his own time, will redeem. Let not then
man wildly denounce his fellow man, nor at the
grave of the sinful declare the endless wretched-
ness of the misguided one ; but let him be mer-
ciful, and permit those who loved the buried one,
to hope in the redeeming mercy of the Almighty.

EVOL.

Here is a beautiful gem.—ED.

DAY DREAMING.

Original.

How do the memories we love,
Come like a fairy spell,
When far away—the banished heart
Will on home-tokens dwell.

One smooth, bright curl of auburn hair,
Doth round my finger twine,
And then I see the fair brow, where
Its sister tresses shine.

I muse—and in my waking dream,
Swiftly sweet visions come,
And fancy leads me gently back
To thee, mine own green home.

The summer rose is blooming now,
Throwing its fragrance wide;
Again I breathe the mountain air,
And Thou art by my side.

Thou! whose dear presence from my thoughts
Can every care beguile,
With thy sweet words of innocence
And ever sunny smile.

Once more those blue, mirth-loving eyes,
Upon my pathway shine,
And as I view each well-known spot
Thy bright glance follows mine.

We stray in quiet converse, where
The sun-lit waters glance,
Or read beneath the elm tree's shade
Some tale of old romance.

I see thy heart's deep tenderness
Told in its mirror fair,
As every thought the poet loves,
Finds its own echo there.

And when the twilight shadows fall
Forbidding far to roam,
That voice of wave-like melody
Is singing 'home! sweet home!'

'Tis gone!—and I am left alone
Faded the vision fair!
My clasping fingers only hold
The lock of satin hair.

While others doat on gems of price,
One treasured tress is mine;
And many a dear day-dream I owe
To this bright curl of thine.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

PROMISES.

Original.

THERE are three rules which, when applied to *promises*, enable us to decide whether we should cherish them, or not. There are but few, if any, who have not known the vexation of disappointed hopes—the pain of vain anticipations excited by the promises of others, and therefore it was needful to our peace of mind to have some test by which we may decide the reasonableness of entertaining hopes of promised good. We have this desired test in the following inquiries:

1. Has the promiser the good feeling relation towards us—or, is the promise in accordance with his general character, sufficient to warrant us in yielding faith to his words?

2. Has the promiser the power and means of fulfilling his promise?

3. Was the promise given in seriousness, and not in jest?

On the answers to these queries must depend our belief, or our expectation. Let us then apply these inquiries to the blessed promises of God

Almighty, and ask—Has he the good will towards us, that should lead us to anticipate the fulfillment of what is spoken, Isa. xxv. 8: 'He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it.' We cannot but allow that God's loving kindness towards the children of men will incline him to bring to pass this wondrous and glorious end; for what is too good, or too great, or too rich, to expect from an infinite, almighty, and all-wise God of Love?

2. Has he the *power and means* of bringing to pass the promised result? We must allow that he has; for power belongeth unto God, and his one, sovereign will ruleth over all things, above, below, and beneath, and nothing is too hard for him to accomplish.

3. Was the promise given in perfect seriousness, or in jest? There is no jesting with God; what he hath spoken hath been spoken in seriousness and truth, as the words of him that cannot lie.

Our conclusion must be joyous, and we are enabled in the full assurance of faith to anticipate the time, when

'God's own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.'

A. B. C.

Charlestown.

ANSWER TO "WINTER BY D. B. H."

Original.

I ASK not that winter should leave our fair land,
That the snow flakes should all melt away;
For winter is brought by that bountiful hand,
That gives us the warm summer's day.

E'en the bleak winter winds, the frost and the snows,
Brace the nerves and the sinews of man;
Shall winter be hated wherever he goes,
When he brings health and strength in his train?

The fields and the forests in quiet can rest,
And all nature be wrapp'd in repose;
And man can be healthful, and humble and blest,
Nor the order of nature oppose.

And the blithe little snow birds enliven the scene,
As they pick all the crumbs from the snow,—
Flit gaily around, as when, all drest in green,
The fair earth charms the eye where we go.

And man should be grateful for winter and spring,
The gay summer and autumn should love;
And prize all the blessings each season doth bring,
Ruled by wisdom that orders in love.

REBECCA.

Lynn, 1837.

NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY of the Indians of North America. By Samuel G. Drake. Boston: 1837

The beautiful volume before us, is one of a new edition of the deeply interesting work well known as '*Drake's Book of the Indians.*' A monument of the industry and patient research of the Author. From sources that required the utmost care and discrimination, Mr. Drake has drawn the materials for an extensive and well digested work, concerning the American Indians, embracing 'details in the lives of all the most distinguished chiefs and counsellors, exploits of warriors, and the celebrated speeches of their orators; also, a history of their wars, massacres and depredations, as well as the wrongs and sufferings which the Europeans and their descendants have done them; with an account of their Antiquities, Manners and Customs, Religion and Laws; likewise exhibiting an analysis of the most distinguished, as well as absurd authors, who have written upon the great question of the first peopling of America.'

The work contains upwards of 600 closely printed 8vo. pages, with numerous engravings, is handsomely bound, with a very ingenious emblematic back title. Sold by the Author at the *Antiquarian Institute*, 56 Cornhill, Boston.

✍ We are informed by Mr. Drake, that he has appointed travelling Agents for his work, who are visiting or intend to visit, the state of New York. We would take the opportunity to recommend this publication to our many good and generous friends in that state, as not an every-day affair, but as a work worthy the attention of all who are interested in the history of the Indians.

PRACTICAL LECTURES. S. H. Colesworthy, of Portland, will soon publish a new work by Br. D. D. Smith, containing a course of Practical Lectures on subjects interesting to families; embracing, 1. Matrimony, its design and advantages; 2. The advantages of early marriages considered; 3. Reciprocal duties of husbands and wives; 4. Advice to young men; 5. To young Ladies—showing how they may excel in virtue; and 6. Reciprocal duties of parents and children.

The work will be handsomely printed on fine paper, duodecimo size, neatly bound, at 62 1-2 cts. payable on delivery of the work. We wish the Author and publisher abundant success. ✍ Subscriptions received at this Office.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK. We are gratified to learn that Br. Price, of N. Y., is about publishing a new hymn book for sabbath schools. Such a work has long been needed, and we doubt not that when issued it will find a rapid and extensive sale.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS. Our thanks are due Br. Forbes, of Norridgewock, Me., for a copy of his 'plain and serious address.' It is creditable to the author; and as its tone is that of the calm, candid, persuasive reasoner, we doubt not that it will do much good.

NEW VOLUME. As the present volume is drawing near its close, we have issued a prospectus of a new volume. In each of the numbers of our paper for this month we shall

send a copy of this prospectus, and we earnestly request all our friends to exert themselves in our behalf—let them show our work to their friends, and invite them to become our patrons. Our work will continue to be published in the same form and style as during the present volume, and our aim will be to make it more and more interesting. The numerous commendations we have received from all parts of the country, flatter us with the hope, that our subscription list will be greatly enlarged for the next volume. May we not be disappointed.

DEDICATION AT MARBLEHEAD. We had the pleasure of being present at the dedication of the new church at Marblehead. It is a neat and convenient edifice, and reflects great credit on the friends of truth in that place—their zeal has been indeed commendable, and may God prosper them in all their future labors for the advance of truth and righteousness.

The services at the dedication were of a very interesting character, and were attended by a very large congregation. The sermon was by Br. Thomas Whittemore. Three original hymns were sung, one by our correspondent, D. J. M.

✍ Subscribers who have paid their bills to any of our agents, and yet have received bills from us, will please excuse us, as the agents to whom they have paid have not made returns to this office. All persons who have received letters and have before paid agents, will please write us, to whom, and when they made payment.

✍ TO AGENTS. The expenses of our work make continued calls on us for money, and these we are compelled to answer. We therefore earnestly request all agents who have moneys in their hands from subscribers, to forward the same immediately to us. We are desirous of having returns from all agents before the expiration of the present volume; and they are *particularly requested* to send us the names of those, if any, who do not intend to subscribe for the next year, that we may not be subjected to the expense and vexation of sending two or three numbers of the new volume, and then be called on to discontinue sending—thus making many sets incomplete.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We expect the third 'Incident' from M. H. S. for our next.

We are gratified to receive another communication from S. C. E.—'The Amulet' in our next.

'The Forfeited Pledge,' will be given to our readers next month. The verses 'To Mrs. — of W—' we decline—the sentiment is too commonly drest up in verse.

G. C. L. next month.

We should like to hear again from T. D. C.

J. G. A. will please excuse the absence of his poetical quotations.

Letters received containing Remittances since our last, ending March 1.

A. C. L. A., Sandy Bay, \$1; W. S. B., Hartland, \$2; A. T., Unionville, \$2; M. H., Levant, \$2; P. P. H., Poughkeepsie, \$2; S. L., Newport, \$5; J. C. H., Lebanon, Ohio, \$2; M. B. N., Amsterdam, \$10; J. G. B., Chelmsford, \$3; T. J. A., New London, \$6; G. D. B. K., Reading, Pa., \$5; J. H., New Rowley, \$4.50; S. F. Athol, \$2.

'Stay, Child of Sorrow.'

ORIGINAL WORDS, BY D. J. MANDELL.

MODERATO.

1. Stay, child of sorrow, bow'd with shame, Laden with guilt, with wo op - prest;

O list the ti - dings I proclaim, For they will give thy spi - rit rest,

O list the tidings I proclaim, For they will give thy spi - rit rest.

2

From the eternal spheres of day,
Where Love sits smiling on its throne,
His boundless mercy to display,
Jesus, the Lord of Life came down.

3

In robes of spotless grace attired,
Midst angel shouts descended he—
For man he suffered and expired,
Stretched out upon the fatal tree.

4

Faith smiled exulting at the sight,
As on her heavenly hill she stood;
Hope left her royal bowers of light,
And bathed her pinions in his blood.

5

Now, low and prostrate at his feet,
Death, the last foeman, vanquished lies;
While o'er his radiant mercy-seat,
Redemption's cloudless morn doth rise.

6

Sad Child of Sorrow! grieve no more,—
Let thy affliction henceforth cease;
Soon shall thy troubles all be o'er,
And every wo subside in peace.